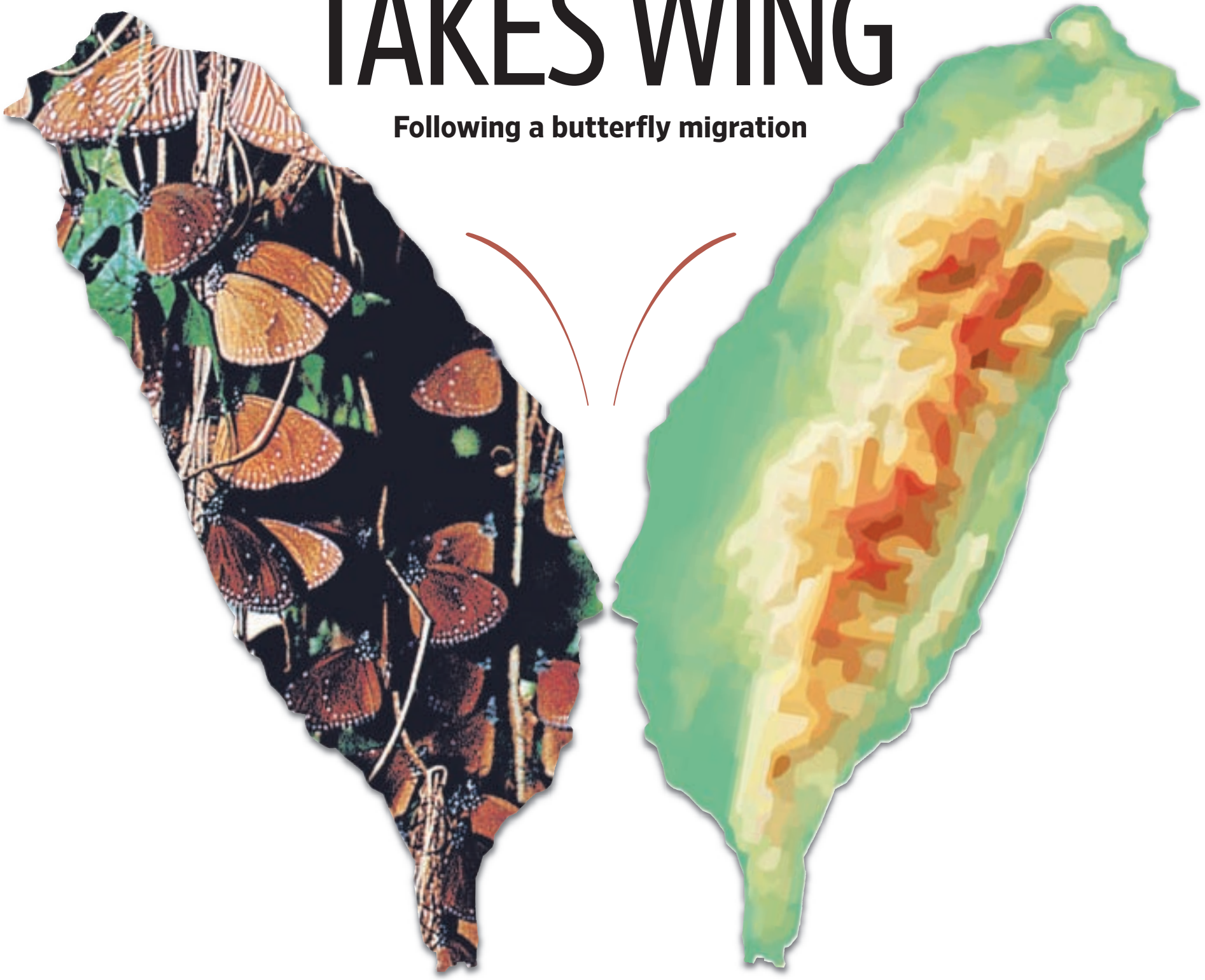
WEEKEND JOURNAL.

ASIA

TAIWAN TAKES WING

Following a butterfly migration



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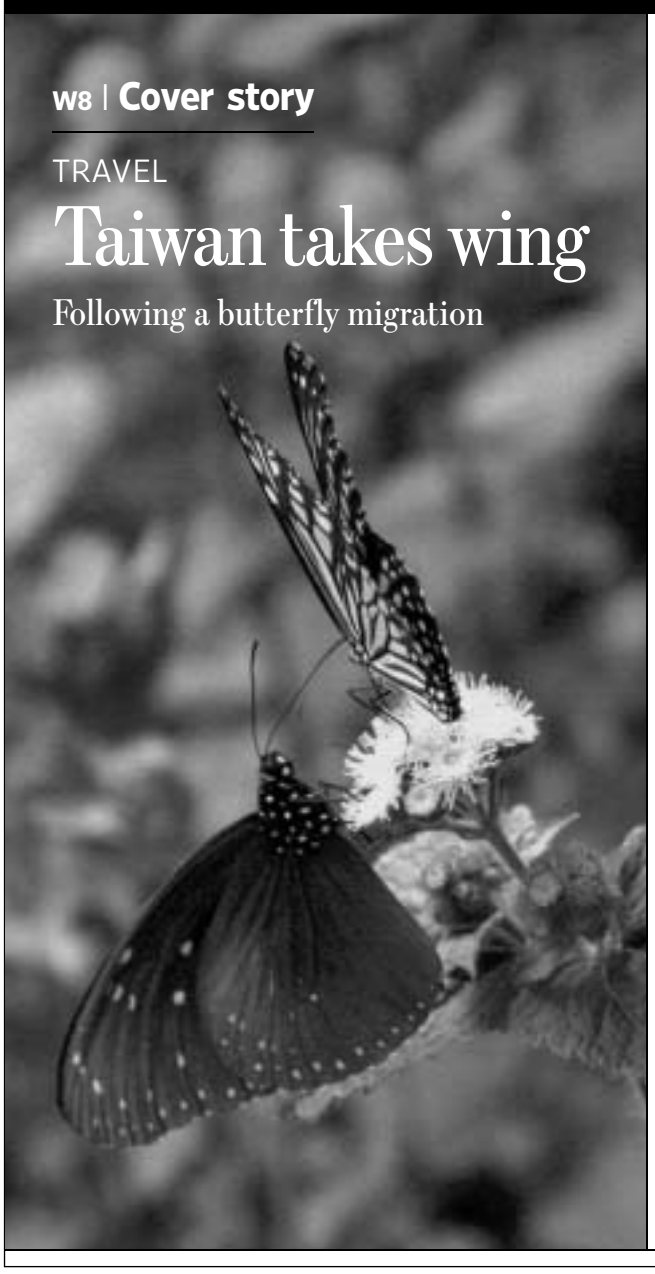

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Cover: Purple crow butterflies en masse (Maolin National Scenic Area); photo illustration by David Chan
This page: Purple crow and tiger butterflies, left; chocolate tiger butterfly, right (Robert Kelly for The Wall Street Journal); Stéphane Martin (Samantha Sin for The Wall Street Journal); Lady Gaga (MR Photo/Corbis Outline)

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S. Karene Witcher Editor
Jessica Yu News graphics director
David Chan Art director
Mary E. Kissel Taste page editor
email wsjaweekend@wsj.com

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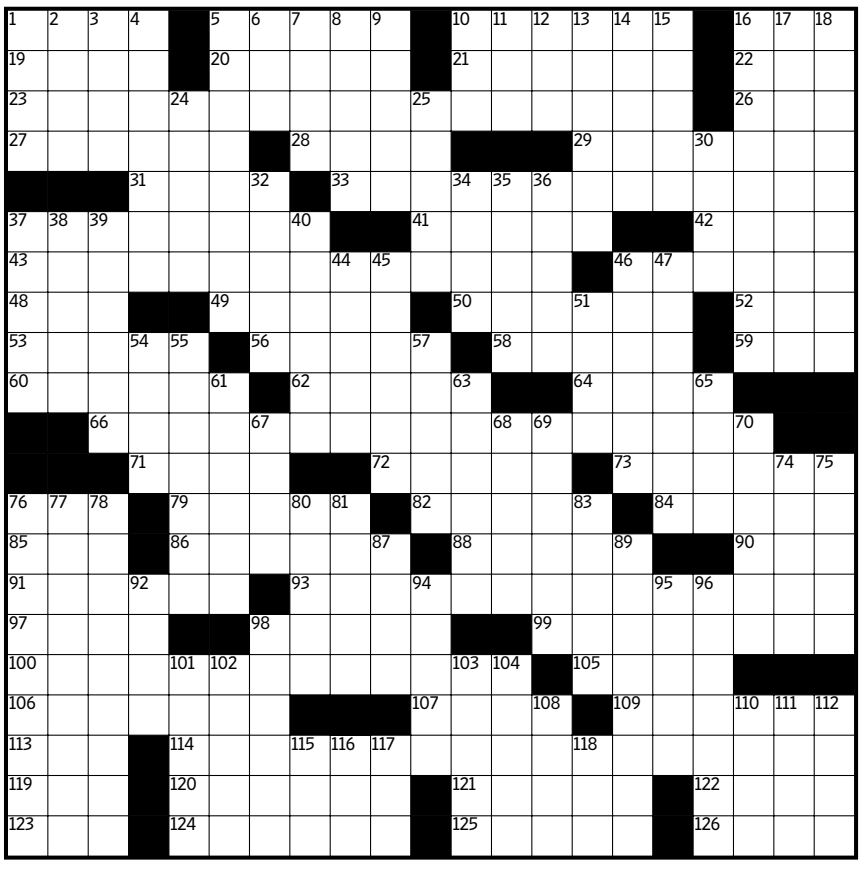

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A star is scorned

Designer Olivier Theyskens is brilliant—and unemployed

By Christina Binkley

Often heralded as one of the greatest designers of his generation, Olivier Theyskens has seen his wispily layered clothes enshrined at the Metropolitan Museum of Art and worn to the Oscars by Madonna. It's hard to fly higher than that in fashion. And he's only 33 years old.

Yet Mr. Theyskens has had a hard time keeping jobs. At French brands Rochas and Nina Ricci, Mr. Theyskens' collections won rave reviews but failed to sell well enough to satisfy retailers or investors.

Unemployed for a year, Mr. Theyskens has collaborated on a book with an old friend, portrait photographer Julien Claessens. Due to be published Feb. 11—the kickoff of New York fashion week—by Assouline, the $120 book has an enticing title: "The Other Side of the Picture."

But this is no tell-all rant, airing the Belgian designer's side of the art vs. commerce controversy. It's a photography book covering his short but highflying career. All art, with just a touch of commerce.

Mr. Claessens, the photographer, studied art, not journalism, but there is reportage in the way he captures the scene backstage at a fashion show. If anything, I wish he and Mr. Theyskens had included more of the designer and his assistants at work, less of models' eerily made-up faces and hairdos. The book's magic is in moments like the donning (or perhaps doffing) of a dress—a tangle of arms. Without comment, there are the emaciated bodies of models and muses, such as the corseted boniness of Hana Soukupova backstage at Rochas. There's also the mundane act of sewing: the designer, needle in hand.

Agence France-Presse/Getty Images (2)

Mr. Theyskens, above, gained critical praise but not sales with fashions like this Nina Ricci dress.

The book isn't an attempt to bask in the past, he says. "I'm not at all nostalgic," Mr. Theyskens said recently from Paris. He sounded remarkably grounded for someone who once posed for a portrait in "lingerie borrowed from the photographer's girlfriend," according to the introduction by Vogue news editor Sally Singer.

Since departing Nina Ricci last March, Mr. Theyskens hasn't kept up with fashion magazines or parties—even during Paris fashion week last October. "Actually, I was thinking, oh, you should see on the Net what was going on," he says. "But I didn't."

Mr. Theyskens is a boyish wisp of a man and wears his dark hair very long. He famously dropped out of art school at the age of 20. He was hired a few years later as designer of Rochas, where he dressed Nicole Kidman and Kirsten Dunst and won the International Award from the Council of Fashion Designers of America for his haunting, feminine designs. Mr. Theyskens insisted on designing his own fabrics: Some silk prints were reminiscent of watercolor paintings. He often used materials in new ways, for instance, attaching floaty strands of ostrich feathers to silk dresses.

Mr. Claessens says he sees the designer as a pure artist. "Olivier Theyskens' work goes beyond creating clothes and a collection. Prints are like paintings, dresses are like sculptures," Mr. Claessens says. "I see it at the same level as the work of some conceptual artists or grand movie makers."

Yet some retailers criticized the Rochas collection for being high-priced. Critics gushed, then gasped, as owner Procter & Gamble shuttered Rochas's fashion line in 2006, saying fashion wasn't "a core competency" of the company. The line was revived in 2008 with new investment partners and a new designer, Marco Zanini.

A year later, Mr. Theyskens landed at Nina Ricci. Again, reviewers gushed and retailers griped. Some ethereal silk blouses cost more than $2,000. His muses were rail-thin.

"He cut for somebody that was tall and very thin. It didn't fit women who could afford clothes of that caliber," says Karen Daskas, owner of the Tender Birmingham boutique near Detroit. There, the designer's final collection for Nina Ricci has been marked down 60%. "I can't give it away," she says. "And we try it on everybody."

Mr. Theyskens was shown the door after showing his autumn 2009 collection in Paris; Nina Ricci hired a new designer.

Mr. Theyskens says the criticism that his clothes sold poorly because they cost too much is "legend" but untrue. He also says the production department controlled fit issues using "strict measurement scales supposedly corresponding to the sector."

Is it fair to blame an artist for a brand's lack of commercial success when there are so many factors at play? Perhaps Mr. Theyskens should have paid more attention to the fit of his clothes. But fashion investment consultant Robert Burke believes that what Mr. Theyskens needs is a business partner who can help add wearable, more affordable clothes to his runway demicouture. That model is working for Alexander McQueen, whose wild runway shows do for his brand image what his wearable precollections do for his sales.

"In the stable of fashion designers who are available [to be hired] now, Olivier Theyskens would be at the top of the list," says Mr. Burke.

Mr. Theyskens' experience with the two design houses says much about the fashion business today. It's reminiscent of the music industry, where record labels once gave artists like Bob Dylan or Pink Floyd years to build an audience. These days, pop artists are either overnight sensations or they're in search of a new label. In fashion, investors also often rotate through designers in search of a magic spark. Alessandra Facchinetti was given only one season at Valentino before a third set of designers in two years was brought in. There was a similar revolving door at Gianfranco Ferre.

As Mr. Theyskens searches for a new label, he says he has been creating imaginary collections in his notebooks. Three or four are completely ready to go—down to the chosen fabrics, plans, "everything."

When asked about the idea of creating his own label, he says, "Oh God....That's for sure, I have always thought [about] it." Still, he notes, 2009 wasn't a bad year to be on the sidelines, with its economic tumult and dire straits.

When the subject is his artistic oeuvre, Mr. Theyskens seems unflappable. He says, "I know I can be proud of what I have been doing. So voilà. I don't know what I can say more."

Denim dilemma: What's too much?

By Ray A. Smith

Denim apparel is making a comeback in shops and fashion magazines. But some of the new designs—from denim leggings for women and jean shorts for men to head-to-toe denim outfits for both sexes—risk pushing the revived trend too far.

Jessica Biel graces the cover of the February issue of Vogue wearing a denim jacket by Ralph Lauren Collection over a RRL Ralph Lauren denim vest. A current two-page print ad from Dolce & Gabbana's D&G line features models in a club setting wearing head-to-toe denim and denim dresses while a denim handbag rests on a table.

All that denim is starting to reach the public, making its way into upscale U.S. department stores such as Macy's and Saks Fifth Avenue, as well as J. Crew and Banana Republic, which recently introduced a denim collection that includes trench coats and shirt dresses.

Part of the renewed interest in denim may have to do with the economy: hard-times chic in hard times. A return to gritty, more down-to-earth wear; a rebellion against flashy silk dresses and banker suits.

Simon Kneen, creative director and executive vice president of design at Gap Inc.'s Banana Republic, whose current ads feature models wearing head-to-toe denim, says he was inspired in part by the indigos in Jasper Johns's paintings and, amid the economic downturn, "the wonderful optimistic feeling of blue skies and springtime and feeling really positive and optimistic."

Dolce & Gabbana

In Milan, D&G paraded denim on denim for spring.

The attention on denim may also represent designers' and retailers' inability in the past year to come up with styles or must-have items that consumers can get excited about. "Denim is a relatively safe choice because it always sells," says fashion-trend expert David Wolfe.

But denim-on-denim? Such designs can border on camp or tacky, in the wrong hands.

In recent years, denim-on-denim ensembles have been derisively referred to as "The Canadian tuxedo" after a denim-clad character named Denim Dan gets ribbed for his look in the 2001 movie "Super Troopers." Britney Spears and Justin Timberlake were pilloried when they showed up in a denim dress and a denim suit to the 2001 American Music Awards.

Mr. Kneen of Banana Republic says denim on denim looks fresh because it hasn't been around for some time. "Maybe it's been a fashion no-no but it's a fashion OK at the moment."

Some consumers are wary. "That's something that doesn't appeal to me aesthetically," says Natalie Pon, a 21-year-old medical student in Dallas. While she's a fan of denim leggings and will consider buying denim shirts, "I think it will be hard even for me to wear denim on denim and come off looking good," she says.

Some retailers are cognizant that some designs may be too much for customers. "We're not recommending denim on denim," says Colleen Sherin, women's fashion director at Saks Fifth Avenue. "In reality, women will want to mix and match their denim pieces and not wear their denim head to toe." Instead, Saks will display mannequins and models wearing, say, a denim jacket over a floral dress in its stores and advertising.

For men, there are denim shorts by Gilded Age. Though Saks' men's fashion director Eric Jennings says these shorts are more contemporary, they still may not pass muster with some who don't think men should ever wear jean shorts.

In their forthcoming book "Undateable," which lists 311 things men do that "guarantee they won't be dating or having sex," authors Ellen Rakieten and Anne Coyle rank jean shorts as the number one don't. Wearing denim on denim ranks 18 on their list.

Eric Brewer, a video producer in Washington, D.C., recently wore a dark denim jacket with a slightly lighter faded pair of jeans, paired with a black shirt, and plaid scarf to a party. Still, even he wouldn't go the next step, putting on a denim shirt with a denim jacket and jeans. "It can look silly, too contrived," he says.

Wheeler-dealer

Former corporate raider Asher Edelman turns art financier

By Kelly Crow

Just before the most prestigious art fair in the U.S., Art Basel Miami Beach, opened in December, an energetic 70-year-old man named Asher Edelman marched through the local convention center to the booth of a Zurich gallery. He was accompanied by a dozen U.S. marshals. As onlookers whispered, the marshals seized four paintings—by Yves Klein, Fernand Léger, Joan Miró and Edgar Degas—worth around $15 million.

Mr. Edelman goes to great lengths to protect his art interests. He had gotten a federal court order to confiscate the Zurich gallery's inventory as potential compensation for a $750,000 Robert Ryman painting that the gallery, Gmurzynska, had borrowed from him and, he says, accidentally damaged months earlier.

Within 48 hours, Mr. Edelman got his money and the gallery got back its art. Peter R. Stern, a lawyer for Gmurzynska, says that the gallery's insurer had been in the process of disputing the claim for the damage and the gallery didn't know that the court order had been issued in the meantime. "Asher uses unusual tactics, but he gets it done," Barrett White, director of New York gallery Haunch of Venison, says of the incident.

Mr. Edelman, the former corporate raider who helped inspire the character of Gordon Gekko in the 1987 film "Wall Street," has taken up a new position: art financier. After navigating the art world for decades as a collector, museum director and gallery owner, Mr. Edelman recently set up his own firm, Art Assured, to arrange art investments.

The field of art backing is a financial Wild West these days. When the recession upended the art market a year ago, a number of traditional institutions like banks and auction houses pulled back from loans and other financing deals based on the expected selling prices of fine art. An aggressive set of boutique lenders and financiers have stepped in to fill the gap. The most prominent art lenders operate as blue-chip pawnshops, doling out quick cash to collectors, dealers and artists in exchange for the right to sell the borrowers' artworks if their loans aren't repaid.

These lenders provide some much-needed liquidity in a market where values have plunged and credit has stalled in the past year. But this arena can be bare-knuckled, with interest rates on one-year loans sometimes topping 20%, and defaulted payments sometimes leading to public court battles—as when New York-based Art Capital Group sued photographer Annie Leibovitz last year for defaulting on her $24 million loan. The two sides later reached an agreement to extend the loan.

Mr. Edelman is a new player in the field of art finance, but his plans are ambitious and his brash approach is drawing attention in the tightknit art world. Going beyond art lending, he says he intends to stake money on artworks bound for auction, a niche only a few financiers have even explored.

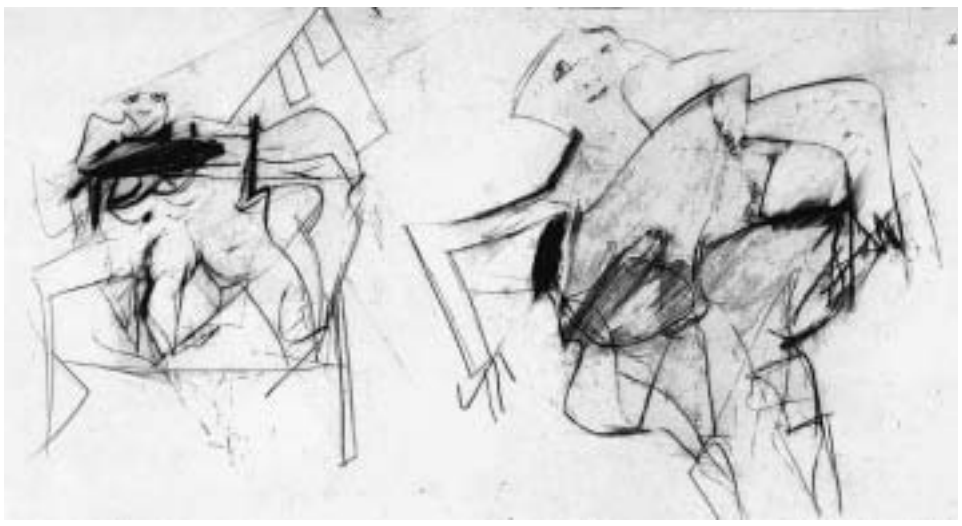
Before the recession, Sotheby's and Christie's routinely secured commissions to auction works using a financial bet called a guarantee: The house would promise to pay a seller an agreed-upon price for an art work unless bidders offered more. In exchange, the house got a sizable chunk—up to 40%—of any added profit if the winning bidder paid more than the guaranteed price.

By the time art prices reached their peak in 2007, some auctioneers had guarantees on up to half the works in their priciest sales of modern and contemporary art. When the crisis hit just over a year ago, Christie's and Sotheby's lost a combined $63 million from guaranteed art that went unsold. Today, the auction-house guarantee has all but disappeared, the auction houses say, though a handful of dealers will occasionally stake a single painting at auction.

Mr. Edelman plans to step into that void. When a seller consigns a work to auction, Mr.

Asher Edelman in his home with 'Ride the Ride,' 2000, by James Nares

Ethan Hill for The Wall Street Journal (Edelman); Edelman Arts (2)



Works handled by Mr. Edelman's gallery include, left, Willem de Kooning's 'Untitled (Two Women),' circa 1955, and, below, George Condo's 'Widow's Watch,' 1995.

Edelman's firm, Art Assure, will pledge to buy the piece if it doesn't sell for an agreed-upon minimum price. In exchange, the seller will pay the firm a fee of about 5% to 10% of the work's guaranteed price.

Unlike the auction houses, Mr. Edelman says he is also willing to stake a vast array of lower-priced objects—a $55,000 Modernist work on paper, say. Auction houses have generally focused on guaranteeing their sales' big-ticket lots, which are most likely to be bid up. Mr. Edelman says that smaller-ticket items represent an untapped market—opening up many more potential clients to him—and he expects to profit from the greater volume of works.

Some in the art world say the plan has the potential to lubricate the entire market by persuading more collectors to funnel art into auctions without fear that their pieces will go unsold and lose value. "Businesses like Asher's could be tapping into a new leverage business based on a potential collateral pool worth tens of billions," says Marc Porter, Christie's chairman.

The plan also is creating some controversy in the art world. Auction houses disclose in their catalogs when they've provided a guarantee for a particular work, because they have a stake in its sale—in a sense, they are partial owners. One of the cardinal rules of the auction process is that sellers aren't allowed to bid on their own work, because they could bid up the sale price.

But there is no disclosure process for a work that has been privately guaranteed, and Mr. Edelman says he wouldn't rule out bidding on a work he had guaranteed if a client other than the seller asked him to buy it. Collectors could wind up bidding against him, not realizing that he stands to profit from the piece's selling well. Mr. Edelman says that he wouldn't bid up a work simply to inflate the sale price.

Rival lenders say Mr. Edelman should disclose which works he may be staking and also bidding on. Disclosure would help to "keep the playing field even," says Andrew Rose, president of Art Finance Partners, so that collectors know when a rival bidder is also a seller with a vested interest.

Mr. Edelman says his idea is legal, doesn't require any public disclosure and could benefit the entire market by persuading more collectors to trade works.

Marc-Andre Renold, the director of the Art-Law Centre at the University of Geneva, says that offering to guarantee works across a range of lower prices and qualities is "a risky venture." To succeed, Mr. Edelman will need a steady supply of cash to cover his bets. And if he has to step in and buy art that he's guaranteed, he'll have to find a way to offload those same pieces in the private marketplace—offering goods that have already been widely shopped.

Mr. Edelman says he can't discuss the particulars of his financing while he's still securing investors, but people familiar with the matter say his new firm has raised $12 million from American and Swiss investors and hopes to double its backing by year's end. Moreover, Mr. Edelman says he hopes to offset some of his risk by asking a bank to cover part of his stake. Mr. Edelman plans to roll out the firm's first guarantees by May.

"I used to do options conversions tables as a kid," he says. "So anyone who competes with me on this has to know I'll take it to the razor's edge."

Mr. Edelman has set up shop in the brownstone on Manhattan's Upper East Side that he shares with his wife Michelle and the youngest of his four children. The setting is cozier than the black-lacquered corner office in Manhattan where he spent the 1980s buying and breaking up companies ranging from agribusiness operator Canal-Randolph to technology companies like Mohawk Data Sciences, Telex and Datapoint. Art, then as now, pops up everywhere. He has hung a red and orange abstract by Peter Halley in his double-height dining room and positioned a Greek marble gravestone fragment in the living room beneath a silvery cardboard wall relief by Frank Stella.

A few pieces are playful deceptions, including a gray portrait of a musketeer and a Cubist abstract hanging near the kitchen. The paintings look like Picassos but are actually copies by a conceptual artist, Mike Bidlo.

Mr. Edelman also runs a gallery, Edelman Arts, out of his home, showing artists like Jackson Pollock. Gmurzynska isn't the first business partner he has dueled with over matters of art and money. When a gallery he ran with dealer Heidi Neuhoff went bankrupt a year ago and the court needed to divide their assets, court transcripts show that Mr. Edelman, through his lawyer, told U.S. bankruptcy court judge James Peck that he suspected Ms. Neuhoff of hiding gallery assets that should be used to pay off creditors. Ms. Neuhoff denied any wrongdoing. When Mr. Edelman's lawyer pressed the matter in court again last spring, court transcripts state that Judge Peck responded that Mr. Edelman's claim appeared to be "motivated by pure vindictiveness." Mr. Edelman says he did not act out of spite. Ms. Neuhoff has since paid off her portion of the debts in the bankruptcy case, according to court documents; Mr. Edelman's bankruptcy case is still proceeding.

Born in 1939 in New York, Mr. Edelman spent his childhood in the wealthy suburbs of Long Island and on the Las Vegas Strip, where his father owned real estate. His introduction to art came through monographs of Impressionist and Old Master artists that he bought at age 12 and still keeps in his library. After college, Mr. Edelman worked at Carter Berlind Potoma & Weill, an investment bank. In 1969, he struck out on his own and began to scour for sagging companies, proposing ways to boost their value by selling off their less-profitable parts. By the 1980s, he was considered a pioneer of leveraged buyouts, acquiring companies largely through borrowed money.

He also began cultivating his passion for art. Art dealer Mary Boone says Mr. Edelman's chauffeur-driven Jeep was regularly spotted outside SoHo galleries in the mid-1980s. The Sonnabend gallery's Antonio Homem can still recall Mr. Edelman's address at the time—120 East End Ave. in Manhattan—largely because he and other dealers helped fill its rooms with pieces by Miró, John Chamberlain and Jean-Michel Basquiat.

When Stanley Weiser, the screenwriter of Oliver Stone's "Wall Street," caught a glimpse of Mr. Edelman's living quarters in a magazine in the 1980s, he retooled his script so that the 1987 film's corporate raider collected art as well. "The sophisticated part of Gekko, his home and the auctions and that veneer of culture—I modeled all that on Edelman," Mr. Weiser said. Director Oliver Stone and actor Michael Douglas also shadowed Mr. Edelman at work when preparing for the film.

Mr. Edelman's life took a turn the same year the movie was released, when he, together with the Montreal-based Dominion Textile, made a bid to take over the textile group Burlington Industries. In an unprecedented ruling, a federal judge in North Carolina halted the takeover, ruling that a former Burlington executive had probably passed confidential financial data to the bidders. Mr. Edelman denied that he had done anything wrong and was never charged with insider trading, but the takeover was blocked.

In another case, the Securities and Exchange Commission complained that he hadn't divulged his growing stake in another company, Datapoint, quickly enough. Mr. Edelman settled the matter without admitting or denying wrongdoing by paying the commission around $484,000. In 1988, he moved to Switzerland, because he had "virtually given up on Wall Street," he says.

It was there, in the French-speaking village of Lausanne on the shores of Lake Leman, that Mr. Edelman realized he could realign his career in the art world. He rented an empty dye factory and hired a local curator, Chantal Prod'Hom, and for the next five years his Museum of Contemporary Art produced shows featuring work by Robert Mapplethorpe, Damien Hirst and Matthew Barney. Mr. Edelman says he helped fund the museum by auctioning off a third of his art collection, including a $3 million Jasper Johns (he declines to give the overall value of his current art holdings or his net worth). Ms. Prod'Hom says tentative plans to shift management of the museum to the city fell through when Mr. Edelman returned to the U.S. in 1995; the museum closed and the space was later converted to offices.

Since his return in 2001, Mr. Edelman has operated two galleries; Edelman Arts, opened in 2008, is the latest.

Mr. Edelman is now joining a rare segment of the art industry—art financing—that hasn't slowed down in the recession. Art Capital Group expects to dole out as much as $300 million worth of new art-backed loans this year, up from $120 million last year and $60 million five years ago. Citi Private Bank said its top clients also increased their borrowing against their collections to as much as $100 million last year, up from a typical maximum loan of $20 million a decade earlier.

Mr. Edelman, seeing an opportunity, says he began approaching investors last autumn about starting his own art-financing firm. Unlike the other firms already in the art-financing arena, he plans to make private guarantees on auctioned works a centerpiece of his business.

Mr. Edelman's confidence in the art market is unflappable. Some of his ideas filter into the memos he regularly sends out to 3,000 finance and art mavens. In one last January, he wrote, "Art, like gold, has an intrinsic value....I cannot identify a time in modern history that [art] has not served as a store of value when no others have been available or sustainable."

Fit for a swing

For duffers as well as pros, having properly tailored clubs pays off

Golf Journal
JOHN PAUL NEWPORT

Just as there are people who still don't believe men walked on the moon (they argue that the Apollo "landings" took place on sound stages), so there are people, I'm told, who still don't believe that getting fit for golf clubs is worth the effort. They visit a retail store, perhaps inspired by a television ad, and plop down $300 to $1,200 for a set of irons without testing them.

"If these are good enough for Sergio Garcia, they're good enough for me," they tell themselves. The clubs certainly are good enough, but the reason they work so well for Mr. Garcia is that they fit him like a second skin.

I have a strong anticomplexity bias when it comes to golf. The game is meant to be fun, not a source of stress, which club fitting—daunting and incomprehensible to many—clearly can be. I also hate to nag. But if you're going to buy clubs anyway (which need not be as often as the "new and improved" storylines of most golf-equipment marketing would have you believe), you really ought to be properly fit.

The process is not onerous; it's actually quite informative, and it benefits higher handicappers as much as low handicappers. Most importantly, it will make your subsequent golf less frustrating because well-fit clubs promote a more efficient swing. It's possible to hit the ball straight with poorly fit clubs, but usually only by introducing complicating compensations that rob the swing of power and make it hard to repeat consistently.

There are, of course, degrees of being poorly fitted. Most clubs are the manufacturers' time-proven calculation of those that work well for the largest number of people. But, to put things in fashion terms, only if you're a perfect size eight will off-the-rack clubs fit you and your swing without adjustments.

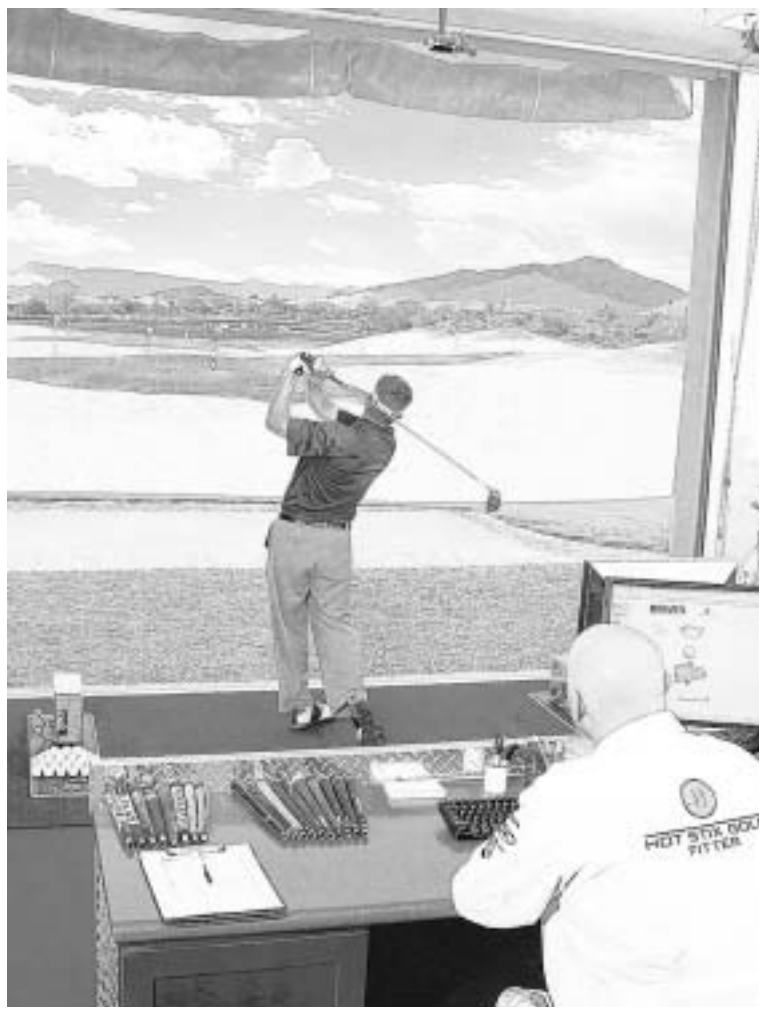
Even the most rudimentarily trained sales clerk at a sporting-goods store will direct golfers to models with generally appropriate characteristics, such as stiffer shafts for fast swingers and whippier shafts for slower swingers. They will also nudge higher handicap players toward irons with bigger, more forgiving clubheads and drivers that get the ball airborne easily. In more advanced sessions, the fitter will watch customers hit balls, either indoors in a hitting bay or outdoors at a range, and custom order clubs with just the right length, grip size, shaft flexibility and lie angle (the angle between the clubhead and the shaft). The cost of such basic fittings is usually deducted from the price of the clubs purchased.

Kyle T. Webster (illustration); Hot Stix

"Any fitting is better than no fitting," John Screen, the director of sales for Titleist, said last week at the PGA Merchandise Show in Florida. Titleist, like all the major clubmakers, provides a fitting cart, with sample heads and shafts, to teaching pros who sell its clubs; it also trains them in how the system works.

"Getting fit outdoors is better than getting fit indoors," Mr. Screen said, because both the hitter and the fitter can observe actual ball flight patterns, as opposed to, at best, the projected computer simulations of flight patterns available indoors. An experienced fitter working outdoors can come close to identifying the ideal clubs using only the naked eye. "But fine-tuning the fit with a launch monitor can still sometimes add an additional five to 10 yards in distance with the driver," he said.

Electronic launch monitors collect and feed data about spin, ball speed and trajectory into a computer. For maximum distance with modern balls, drives by a typical male should climb quickly at between 12 degrees and 15 degrees, spin at less than 3,000 revolutions per minute, flatten out at 125 yards to 150 yards from the tee and descend at between 28 and 38 degrees. The ideal numbers vary depending on a player's ball speed and other factors, but launch monitors can help dial in the best clubhead and shaft combination for any swing. (Note: You can't rely on "stiff" and "regular" shaft designations from manufacturers, because there is no industry standard.)



The hitting bay at Arizona's Hot Stix, where a golfer can get an exacting, three-hour 'agnostic' fitting for $695

Over the last few years, I've been fit for clubs many times using various methods, and had cobbled together a set that I felt fit pretty well. My irons came from a fitting at a super high-tech TaylorMade facility. My driver recommendation, the third iteration after an initial launch monitor fitting, came from an experienced fitter using his naked eye at a "demo" day at a local range. My putter was the result of personal tinkering. But in early December I put my arsenal to the ultimate test in a three-hour, $695 "Game Fit" session at the Hot Stix Golf outdoor facility in Arizona.

Hot Stix offers "agnostic" fittings, meaning it has independently robot-analyzed clubs, shafts and balls from all the major manufacturers and recommends only those products it feels best suit an individual player's needs—including, when indicated, that a player stick with what he or she already has. After a fitting, the company will assemble and sell any of the clubs it recommends, but that's a separate deal. Fittings include a detailed printout of the results, and customers are free to buy the clubs anywhere.

My fitter, Chris Ferguson, played college golf at Arizona State and briefly on the Canadian Tour (where his roommate was PGA Tour regular Pat Perez). He knows the technology inside and out. To get a sense of my tendencies, he watched me hit balls on the range; put me through a short-game circuit on a practice green and in bunkers; machine-tested my current clubs, including checking the oscillation of the shafts; and had me try new irons and woods while monitoring the results with a TrackMan radar system.

The upshot? My driver and three wood were near perfect, and he made no alternative recommendations. My two hybrids were acceptable but we found an Adams Golf hybrid model with an expensive Japanese shaft that I liked better and hope to put into my bag someday. My irons were also good, but he discovered a significant distance gap between my seven iron and six iron, which he corrected by tweaking the loft of my seven iron. The all-important loft on my putter was just right for my stroke but the shaft needed to be about four centimeters longer to improve my setup posture and help me see the line better. To accomplish this, he advised adding an inexpensive extension beneath the grip.

The big change was in my wedges. First, the lofts and lies of my current wedges were off, possibly from getting banged around over the two years I've been using them. Second, he recommended I take the seldom-used four iron out of my bag and replace it with a third sand wedge, to give me more scoring accuracy from inside 120 yards.

I offer these details not because they are relevant to anyone else's particular fitting needs, but to illustrate the types of issues a good fitting can address. "One of the main benefits we provide is peace of mind," Mr. Ferguson told me afterward. Golf, as has been often noted, is a game of confidence.

Arbitrage

Olympics tour package for the opening ceremony

City	Currency	US$
Hong Kong**	HK$36,808	$4,733
Tokyo**	¥586,830	$6,484
Rome	€5,472	$7,639
Paris	€6,215	$8,677
Frankfurt	€6,925	$9,668
Brussels	€7,870	$10,988
London	£8,696	$13,909

**Opening-ceremony tickets not included.

NewsCom

Prices, including taxes, as provided by local travel agencies in each city, converted to the nearest U.S. dollar

WHAT'S NEXT

STÉPHANE MARTIN

Samantha Sin for The Wall Street Journal

By Alexandra A. Seno

Twelve years ago, Stéphane Martin was assigned the task of establishing a new museum in Paris, the Musée du quai Branly. Today, that museum, which opened in 2006, is one of the city's most innovative cultural spaces, and Mr. Martin is at the forefront of a global movement to reinvent the concept of museums.

Will museums as we know them become a thing of the past?

Musée du quai Branly, a European landmark not only for its stunning plant-covered building designed by Pritzker award-winning architect Jean Nouvel, is celebrated for its exhibits on non-Western cultures, and for Photoquai, an art-photography biennale. Designed with 800,000 visitors a year in mind, it now receives up to 1.5 million. Mr. Martin attributes Branly's success to a European interest in other cultures.

"People are bored with Impressionists and want to see new things. Most of the pop culture of the young Westerners is rooted outside of Western culture," says the 53-year-old Frenchman, who is Branly's president and once served as a director at the Centre Georges Pompidou. "Bjork, for example, will talk about African, Inuit, Arabic music, not about Mozart or the Rolling Stones. The interest of the young generation is in manga, African textiles, Polynesian tattooing, Japanese food."

Another in a series of articles pondering the shape of things to come

Intrigued by the Asian-Pacific region's ethnic diversity and its pop culture, Mr. Martin likes to spend time in the area, for work and play. He also owns a home in Thailand.

Mr. Martin was recently in Hong Kong for a design conference and spoke with Weekend Journal Asia about non-Western culture, museums and how they can find purpose in a constantly changing world.

What is Branly?

It is a cultural forum on the non-Western cultures, everything that is not [about Europeans]. We have 150 museums in Paris to talk about "us," the European.

Should cultural artifacts go back to their home country?

I can understand that many countries that have been colonized and humiliated are finding some comfort in nationalism and are claiming things that have to be returned. There might be some items, because they are nationally significant, that should logically go back to where they were produced, but it is childish to want everything back.

How do you balance the demands of your museum with this issue of cultural artifacts and their "home"?

The thinking now, even with Unesco, is that some pieces of art are so important they do not belong just to the country that produced them, but to all of civilization. What is most important is that everything will be kept safe, that they are preserved.

How will museum programming change in 10 years?

The public is more important. My job is more like being a publisher of a cultural magazine or TV channel. You have to do different things. You don't always want the same language and attitude.

How are you building the Branly's collection?

We stopped the 19th-century idea of having a sample of every civilization. Our interest is in pieces with a historical significance for the perception of non-Western art and culture in the Western world.

What are you buying?

Contemporary art. For practical reasons...photography because it is more affordable.

What do young people in Europe care about?

For my generation the big question in Paris was "What is it to be modern?" The feeling was the world was going to concentrate on an American model, same kind of democracy, hamburger, the same freedoms and lack of it. But that is not what happened. For the new generation, the big question is how to live together. I would love Branly to be a forum to talk about that. To understand the Mongolian point of view against the Italian point of view on space, food, what is beauty. Not to provide answers, but to offer a forum where you can get reception and exchange information.

What are your interests?

I'm not a scientist. I like museum management.

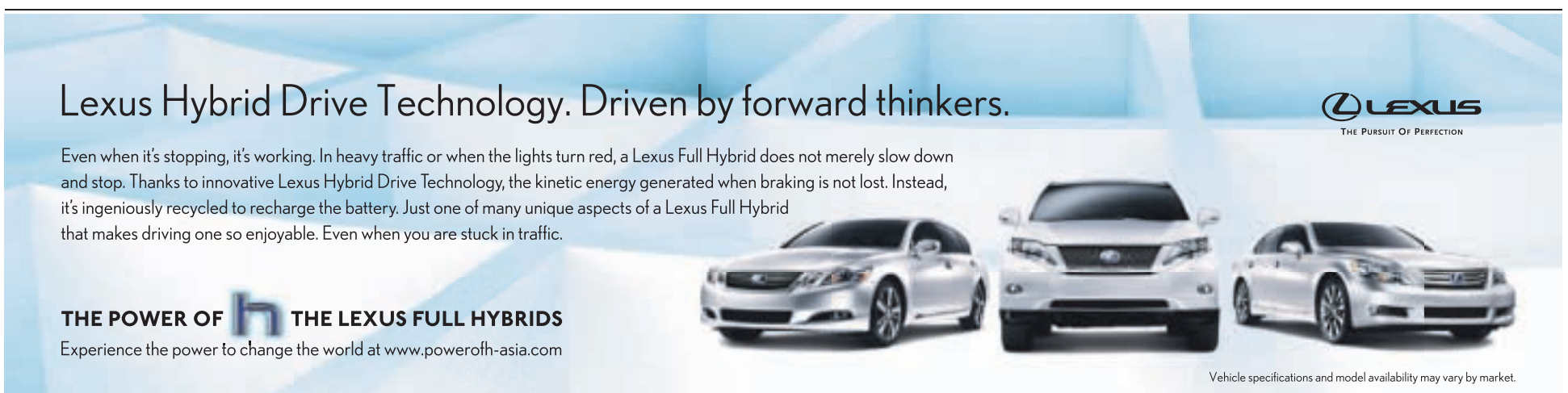
What do you collect?

Live frogs, original cartoons and American comics from before World War I, and travel books about the Pacific. I also collect tattoos. [My body is covered with] tattoos.

What's next for museums?

You don't need a place to be like a model of the world. You can get that on TV and by traveling. In the old days, museums were the unique source of information. Now people come to museums with lots of information, good and bad, real or wrong, and what they ask a museum is to make that clearer and to make a selection.

Alexandra A. Seno is a writer based in Hong Kong.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TAIWAN TAKES WING

Following a butterfly migration

By Robert Kelly

Top to bottom, a chestnut tiger feeding on eupatorium nectar; a purple crow taking a break; a butterfly in the making, hidden inside a chrysalis

A butterfly-themed temple is one signal that you're not far from the aptly named Yellow Butterfly Valley.

The narrow and ragged one-lane road into southern Taiwan's Yellow Butterfly Valley becomes simply impassible to cars not long past a small temple whose outer columns and front parapet are lined with meter-high butterfly cutouts.

On a visit last May, I left my car in a clearing under a longan tree, and headed up the remaining path on foot. A few hundred meters' walk brought me to a section of open, nearly dry streambed and adjacent woodland. I heard and saw the birds first: twittering swallows and Chinese bulbuls in the hundreds. Then the butterflies appeared, capering not in the hundreds but the hundreds of thousands.

A hundred species co-exist in the valley, but the area gets its name from one in particular: the lemon emigrant (*Catopsilia pomona*), a midsize butterfly with a restless nature and wings the color of light butter. And that's the butterfly I had come to see—though as one expert later told me, it would not advance my goal of observing all the migratory patterns of Taiwan's butterflies. Its name notwithstanding, Catopsilia pomona is not actually a migratory species in Taiwan.

"The English name is probably just a bad translation," explained Ping-shih Yang, a former dean of the Department of Entomology at National Taiwan University. While the lemons do disperse from the valley in late summer, this behavior isn't considered by Taiwanese researchers to be a true migration. (The definition can vary, though generally a migration would have to occur regularly and follow a fairly defined route.)

What about the chestnut tiger? Another potential candidate for a migratory species, the chestnut tiger (a name used for one of three species of the genus *Parantica*) flourishes in the misty mountain valleys of northern Taiwan. In the summer of 2000, a chestnut tiger that researchers had marked in Yangmingshan National Park was found two weeks later on Kyushu, southernmost of Japan's four main islands. In the years since, 10 more marked chestnut tigers have turned up in Japan. Making a 1,200-kilometer journey over open ocean on wings no wider than a human hand may qualify as a miracle of nature, but to the experts it's not a migration.

"Oh, I think Parantica can fly to Japan," Professor Yang said. "But only a very small part of the population does this. It's more of an individual phenomenon and not really migration." The research into the butterflies' dispersal pattern—which involves netting and marking several thousand chestnut tigers every year—has established with reasonable certainty that the more typical route is a late-June dispersal to higher and cooler mountains on Taiwan's east coast.

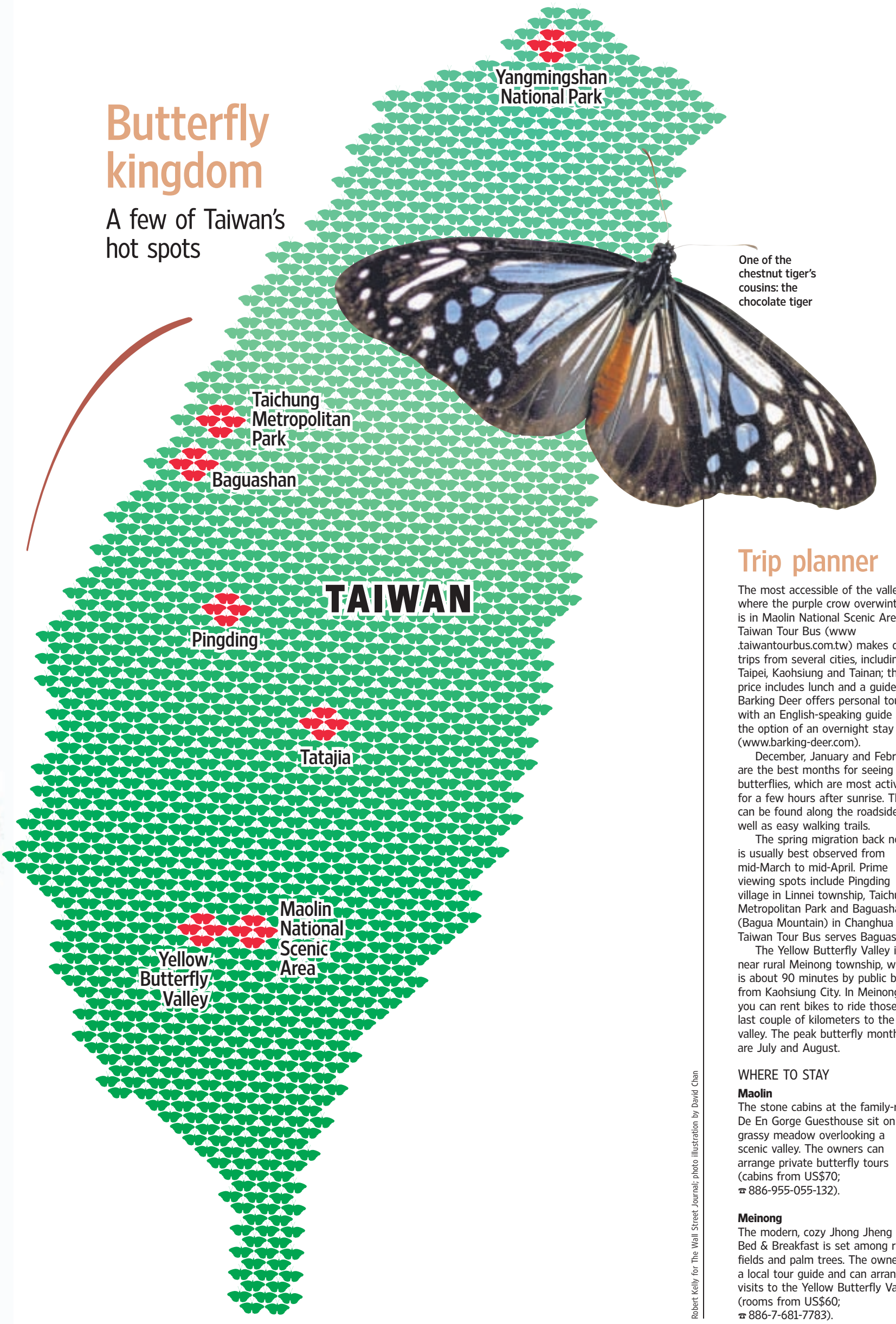
So it seems the chestnut tiger that heads offshore and actually reaches Japan is like the monkey that succeeds, in a room filled with an infinite number of monkeys bashing at typewriters for an infinite stretch of time, in producing the full text of "Hamlet." But is it possible Japan is being reached by many butterflies that aren't marked as originating in Taiwan? After all, Taiwan is a rugged island, with dense forest cover over half the territory and a mountainous central spine that reaches almost 4,000 meters high. It's home to 423 species of butterfly but fewer than a dozen professional butterfly researchers. In the Kingdom of the Butterfly, as Taiwan is sometimes called, it's tough to be a census taker.

But the genial Mr. Yang dismissed my theory with amusement. Devoted to his subject, he clearly delighted in helping clear up my many misconceptions—and in pointing me to a genuine, and quite magnificent, butterfly migration in Taiwan.

The journey is made by four species of the genus *Euploea*, known commonly as purple crows or purple milkweed butterflies. It's massive—some years estimated to involve as many as 15 million butterflies—and very directed, following the same pattern year after year. In September, bands of purple crows leave their mountain homes in north and central Taiwan and begin to fly south, taking advantage of the seasonal winds that flow down from Mongolia and

Butterfly kingdom

A few of Taiwan's hot spots



One of the chestnut tiger's cousins: the chocolate tiger

Robert Kelly for The Wall Street Journal; photo illustration by David Chan

Trip planner

The most accessible of the valleys where the purple crow overwinters is in Maolin National Scenic Area. Taiwan Tour Bus (www.taiwantourbus.com.tw) makes day trips from several cities, including Taipei, Kaohsiung and Tainan; the price includes lunch and a guide. Barking Deer offers personal tours, with an English-speaking guide and the option of an overnight stay (www.barking-deer.com).

December, January and February are the best months for seeing the butterflies, which are most active for a few hours after sunrise. They can be found along the roadside as well as easy walking trails.

The spring migration back north is usually best observed from mid-March to mid-April. Prime viewing spots include Pingding village in Linnei township, Taichung Metropolitan Park and Baguashan (Bagua Mountain) in Changhua city. Taiwan Tour Bus serves Baguashan.

The Yellow Butterfly Valley is near rural Meinong township, which is about 90 minutes by public bus from Kaohsiung City. In Meinong, you can rent bikes to ride those last couple of kilometers to the valley. The peak butterfly months are July and August.

WHERE TO STAY

Maolin
The stone cabins at the family-run De En Gorge Guesthouse sit on a grassy meadow overlooking a scenic valley. The owners can arrange private butterfly tours (cabins from US$70; ☎ 886-955-055-132).

Meinong
The modern, cozy Jhong Jheng Hu Bed & Breakfast is set among rice fields and palm trees. The owner is a local tour guide and can arrange visits to the Yellow Butterfly Valley (rooms from US$60; ☎ 886-7-681-7783).

A chestnut tiger, marked by a researcher and ready for release

China. By November, they've reached a series of warm sheltered valleys where they settle for the season. In essence, the butterflies (which cannot bear temperatures lower than four degrees Celsius) are escaping the northern winter. Though Taiwan has a subtropical climate and is less than 400 kilometers long, the differences between northern and southern winters is typically stark. One is damp and chilly; the other balmy.

Five months later, the butterflies begin the return trip, again relying on prevailing seasonal winds, which in spring blow up from the Philippines. (Those same southerly winds most likely explain how the occasional chestnut tiger is able to fly to Japan.).

In all the world, only one other species of butterfly engages in a mass overwintering: North America's monarch, which famously travels vast distances to reach the forests of Mexico. (It's entirely coincidental, but both the Taiwan and Mexico wintering sites were discovered in the 1970s, though in the case of Taiwan it's more accurate to say that's when the site became known to scientists. The first amateur entomologist to see the purple butterfly valleys was taken there by local Rukai aboriginals.)

It wasn't until the mid-1980s, however, that a north-south migration route for the purple crows was suspected, and just five years ago that the 400-kilometer western route was mapped out. Since then a second migration path along the east coast and a connecting path joining the two have been discovered.

The beauty of the overwintering scene is almost supernatural. In the valleys of the Maolin National Scenic Area, purple crows hang like garlands in the trees. Roused by a warm morning sun, they swarm the plants and pools for nectar and water; a space no larger than a small van may hold a thousand flittering violet wings. And while years of media focus—the migration is a major event in Taiwan—have left the impression that Maolin is the overwintering epicenter, Mr. Yang says there are valleys farther east, rarely visited by anyone but researchers and Butterfly Conservation Society volunteers, where the butterflies are even more abundant.

Of course, nature comes without guarantees. Last year, after an exceptionally warm winter, migration back from the south was early and diffuse: not a timely mass exodus but a slow leak, lacking drama and visual appeal. I saw for myself one hazy mid-March morning, when I planted myself on the running track of the local school in the little ridge-top village of Pingding, a well-known converging point for millions of purple crows as they make their way north.

In a good year, as many as 10,000 butterflies a minute have been recorded flying over the grounds. But last year's numbers were down so much locals speculated the problem was bigger than one warm winter. Global warming? Pollution? Habitat destruction? Butterfly researcher Chieh-chin Chen thinks these concerns are unwarranted. For a start, conservation efforts in Taiwan are well entrenched, and many prime butterfly habitats lie within national parks or protected forestry land.

"I think what is happening now is just part of a cycle," Mr. Chen said. Butterfly populations were certainly down in 2009, but they were down in 2007 as well, while in 2008 "they were very high everywhere." When it comes to butterfly numbers, Mr. Chen is the man to ask. An associate professor in the graduate program for environmental education and resources at Taipei Municipal University of Education, he leads teams of students that catch, mark and release thousands of butterflies every year.

I met one of his teams on a high mountain saddle called Tatajia (elevation 2,610 meters) in Yushan National Park; hikers know it as the start of the trail to Yushan, the highest mountain in Taiwan. It's a "special area" Mr. Chen said, where masses of butterflies "fly overhead like clouds." And indeed, as I watched, a steady flow of butterflies was being swept up by strong winds from the broad valley below. The saddle functioned like the end of a funnel and when the butterflies hit the crosswinds at the narrow top they literally bounced and spun in the turbulence. Most took just a few seconds to cross the parking lot at whose edge the team was stationed. Chasing them with long nets was a dizzying experience.

The butterflies were largely from the hundred high-mountain species common to the park. But some were also chestnut tigers and purple crows coming from afar. How afar? Mr. Chen had told me he suspected that during the spring migration, purple crows were being blown back here by countervailing winds (or maybe making a detour for food) from Puli, a hundred kilometers to the north.

A few minutes after I arrived one of Mr. Chen's students caught a chestnut tiger*: Parantica sita niphonica*, the species that sometimes rides the winds over the sea to Japan. After folding the wings gently between his fingers, he measured the span of one, and then marked the other with a black felt pen.

Asked if he could guess where the butterfly had come from, the student just shook his head. As he released the butterfly with a tap to the back of his hand I asked if he knew where it would fly to now.

"We don't have any idea," he answered.

In the Kingdom of the Butterfly it's tough to be a census taker.

Robert Kelly is a writer based in Taipei.

Having a flutter

Other places to spot butterflies, indoors and out

AUSTRALIA

Australian Butterfly Sanctuary: An enclosure in the rain forest around Kuranda, about 25 kilometers from Cairns. All 1,500 butterflies are local species, among them the ulysses, which is an electric blue. Visitors can also see the breeding laboratory.
Admission: Adult, A$17; child (ages 4 to 15), $8.50
☎ 61-7-4093-7575
Web: www.australianbutterflies.com

SINGAPORE

Fragile Forest: This enclosure at the Singapore Zoo houses species including the tree nymph and the great eggfly. The daily 90-minute behind-the-scenes tour takes in the breeding complex.
Zoo admission: Adult, S$18; child (3 to 12), $12
Tour: Adult, $25; child, $15
☎ 65-6269-3411
Web: www.zoo.com.sg

THAILAND

Phuket Butterfly Garden: The enclosure houses 20 to 30 species, 6,000 to 8,000 butterflies in all.
Admission: Adult, 300 baht; child (4 to 10), 150 baht
☎ 66-7-621-0861
Web: www.phuketbutterfly.com

HONG KONG

Spring and autumn are peak seasons at these two outdoor sites. Both have recorded well over 100 of Hong Kong's more than 230 species; the most common include the chocolate royal at Wetland Park and red-base jezebel (above) at Kadoorie. In cooler months, butterflies tend to be more active in the heat of the afternoon; when it's hot, they're up early and late.
Hong Kong Wetland Park
Admission: Adult, HK$30; child (3 to 17), $15
☎ 852-3152-2666
Web: www.wetlandpark.com
Kadoorie Farm & Botanic Garden
Admission: HK$10 (ages 12 to 60)
☎ 852-2483-7200
Web: www.kfbg.org

Robert Kelly for The Wall Street Journal; photo illustration by David Chan

Get ready for a transforcation

Trips that challenge body and mind are the new hip vacations

By Jemima Sissons

Many of us charge into the New Year resolving to shift the extra Christmas weight, take up fly-fishing, finally learn Cantonese, or help the less fortunate. Now, an increasing number of us are specifically choosing to do so on holiday. One U.K. resort owner has even coined the phrase "transforcation," for a holiday in which you change or transform yourself in some way.

Former management consultant Victoria Wills, who runs boutique weight-loss center NuBeginnings on the picturesque north Devon coast in the U.K., has noticed a real shift in people using their holiday as a life-changing experience. "Over the past six months we've seen a trend toward people looking for a chance to start afresh and to transform not only their bodies but also their approach to life," says the 34-year-old. "People are looking to turn over a new leaf and to really make a difference to their well-being on holiday. Hence, the transforcation."

One of the highest areas of growth in the travel market is learning holidays, particularly photography, cookery and dance breaks, according to market-research group Mintel International Group, which ran a U.K.-based study last September titled "Learning From My Holiday." The survey found that 27% of those interviewed want to learn a new language on holiday in the future, three times the percentage of those who have done so in the past three years, and almost a quarter would like to take up a new skill on holiday in the future, compared with 13% who would have done so in the past.

Transforcations aren't just about learning languages or losing weight. "Voluntourism," which combines travel with volunteering, has also become more popular. This can be anything from helping street children to mapping climate change or interacting with endangered wildlife.

"There is much more of a need to be socially responsible," says Frances Tuke of the Independent Association of Travel Agents. "People value holidays so much now for things other than relaxing."

We take you on a tour of seven remarkable transforcation destinations, from a medical and health spa in Switzerland to a photography retreat in Cambodia to a voluntourism effort monitoring cheetahs in the Serengeti.

Ayurvedic Himalayan spa
Nestled in the foothills of the Himalayas, a short flight from New Delhi, lies Ananda, which combines the spirituality of nearby Rishikesh with the comforts of a five-star hotel. The doctors identify your Ayurvedic type (Vata, Pitta or Kapha), and prescribe a diet and spa treatments. Although you can go just to relax, many treat it more like a clinic. There are Ayurvedic packages on offer such as stress management or detoxification. If you are there just for a short break, you are encouraged to follow a challenging—but worthwhile—diet, specifically tailored to your Ayurvedic type, and you'll be put on a strict exercise regime. Cost: Room rates from $475 a night. Packages also available. www.anandaspa.com

Bikini boot camp in Mexico
Fancy losing weight the Sienna Miller way? The gorgeous Amansala ecoresort—a favorite of the British actress—is situated in Tulum, on the west coast of Mexico. The instructors will have you up at the break of dawn for a jungle power walk, followed by intensive cardio, yoga and pilates. It isn't all a grind though. There are Mayan clay treatments and beachside massages. Lunch and dinner are often that day's catch from the Pacific Ocean. Founder Melissa Perlman says: "Weight loss is really a side benefit as our guests go home so refreshed and rejuvenated and lighter not only in kilos, but in mind and spirit." You can also visit the impressive Mayan temples nearby. Cost: $1,765 a week for full board and treatments; without flights. www.amansala.com

Yoga retreat in Lanzarote
The Life Change retreat situated on the volcanic island of Lanzarote in the Canary Islands offers tailor-made yoga and breathing classes but also believes in improving personal awareness. This means tutorials with life coaches who lecture you in the power of positive thinking and help you evaluate your well-being. There is also plenty of time in which to explore the evergreen forests of the island by foot, or to brush up your surfing skills with some lessons taught at the nearby Lavaflow surf center. "The Life Change retreat was one of the most spiritual and enjoyable experiences of my life," says Rachel Saunders of London, who attended the course in October. "While still having a great time on holiday, the bespoke yoga classes, holistic therapies and stunning environment

really led me to reassess my life goals and values." The retreat is a good choice for single travelers or those who want a solitary escape. Cost: $1,112 a week bed and breakfast, without flights.
www.lifechangeretreat.com

Clinique La Prairie, Montreux, Switzerland
Started in 1931 by Dr. Paul Niehans, Clinique La Prairie is most famous for its signature treatment, the Revitalization, which uses cellular therapy to slow the aging process. The medical and health spa says that 70% of its clients return every 18 to 24 months for the treatment. Among the spa's other offerings are plastic surgery, hypnotherapy, menopause treatment and dental work.

Weight management is another reason patrons come to transform themselves. The clinic requires a minimum two-week stay for the weight-loss course, which starts at $42,765.

With its top-class cuisine and baroque flourishes in the bedrooms—such as elaborate gilt

mirrors and silk cream wallpaper—Clinique La Prairie feels like an upmarket hotel in one respect. Yet the men in white coats and panic buttons in the bathrooms to summon nurses are gentle reminders that it is, in fact, a hospital, where you don't come just to lounge around. The strongest thing in the minibar is a carrot juice.

I found my three-day transforcation stay extremely insightful and lost a half kilo and 2% body fat in three days. I also felt wonderfully revived from the treatments such as the Vital O2 facial and the therapeutic Alpine air.

A weekend two-night package, full board, starts at $3,740 a person. www.laprairie.ch

Voluntourism
From helping to set up a workshop for disadvantaged women and children in Cairo to monitoring cheetahs in the Serengeti, tour company Abercrombie & Kent offers philanthropic holidays in interesting locations. The project in Egypt aims to introduce women and children to skills that let them become self-sufficient. As a cheetah monitor at the luxurious Sanctuary Kusini Camp in Tanzania, volunteers will track, monitor and document sightings of the rare cat for research purposes. As part of the Cheetah Watch Campaign, launched in 2000, visitors help collate vital data on reproduction, survival and ranging patterns. Hands Up Holidays also offer voluntourism trips such as village building in Peru followed by walking the Inca trail, or touring the Galapagos Islands by yacht before helping to clean beaches normally off-limits to tourists. Peru: $3,000 for 15 days, plus airfare; Galapagos: $5,080 for 15 days, plus airfare.
www.abercrombiekent.co.uk
www.handsupholidays.com

Photography course in Cambodia
This 10-day luxury photography retreat will teach you everything you need to know about accomplishing the perfect shot, in a jaw-dropping location. Enjoy one-to-one guidance with leading photographers, and test your new skills around the stunning temples of Angkor Wat. The company behind it, Creative Escapes, believes in expanding all horizons, and combines photography with diversions such as a tour of the local food market followed by a cooking lesson in Cambodian delicacies. "It's not all about photography," says founder Jon Cunningham. "We want you to become fully immersed into the cultural zeitgeist of the area, too." Participants can keep up their skills afterward with alumni-only shoots that are held throughout the year. Cost: A 10-day retreat costs $2,540, without flights.
www.creative-escapes.co.uk

Ananda spa (Ayurveda); Amansala (boot camp); Stuart Forster, Life Change (yoga); Abercombie & Kent (voluntourism); Creative Escapes (photography); La Prairie (Clinique La Prairie)

Goa goes upscale

Hippie hangout sprouts luxury hotels and celebrity hideouts

By Jemima Sissons

As the speedboat turns the corner on India's moss-green river Chapora and shoots past muddy water buffalo basking in the midday heat on the banks, Casa Colvale emerges majestically into sight. We could be forgiven for thinking that Doctor No or Odd Job is about to pop out of the chic villa flanking the hill, and we have to remind ourselves that we aren't on a secret James Bond mission.

Englishman James Foster, the warm, convivial property manager, greets us with a fresh lime soda as the boat glides smoothly to the pier. "Watch out for the crocodiles," he chirps, only half-joking, as he helps us off the boat.

We have come to Goa seeking solitude and comfort. If we are looking for discreet luxury in India, it doesn't come better than this.

Casa Colvale was built by clothing magnate Sheila Dhody, who used to come to Goa with her children during the holidays to escape the oppressive heat of New Delhi.

"It is a simple love story," Mrs. Dhody remembers. "When we were shown this place by the agent there were no footpaths and we had to hack our way through the thick undergrowth. Then, suddenly before my eyes, was the most incredible view I had ever seen in my life."

The property was originally intended for her sister-in-law, who, upon its completion in 2007, found it too secluded. Instead, Mrs. Dhody turned it into a boutique hotel. It had already been a hit with Mrs. Dhody's jet-set and Bollywood friends who came to stay, and they immediately started renting it for private holidays, and for film and fashion shoots. (Bollywood hit "Kaminey" was shot there.) "There is a fair amount of glamour here, and it is popular as a hideout," Mrs. Dhody says.

Divided into upper and lower villas, there are 11 beautifully thought-out rooms. Each has its own private terrace with a daybed, offering stunning views of the verdant, snaking river and the vast jungle beyond. The walls are covered with colorful paintings by local artist Pradeep Naik, depicting abstract scenes of everyday Goan life; the furniture is sleek and modern. Bathrooms have cool limestone floors and huge walk-in showers.

Teak sun loungers surround its two swimming pools, into which swoop brightly colored kingfisher and Jungle Mynas birds, eager to catch bugs in the afternoon sun. The lower pool has a waterfall running into it from above, providing a constant watery lull; the upper infinity pool is more secluded, and has access to a massage room. With its sandalwood-scented candles and huge open windows this is the perfect spot for a sunset Shiatsu massage administered by the in-house masseur.

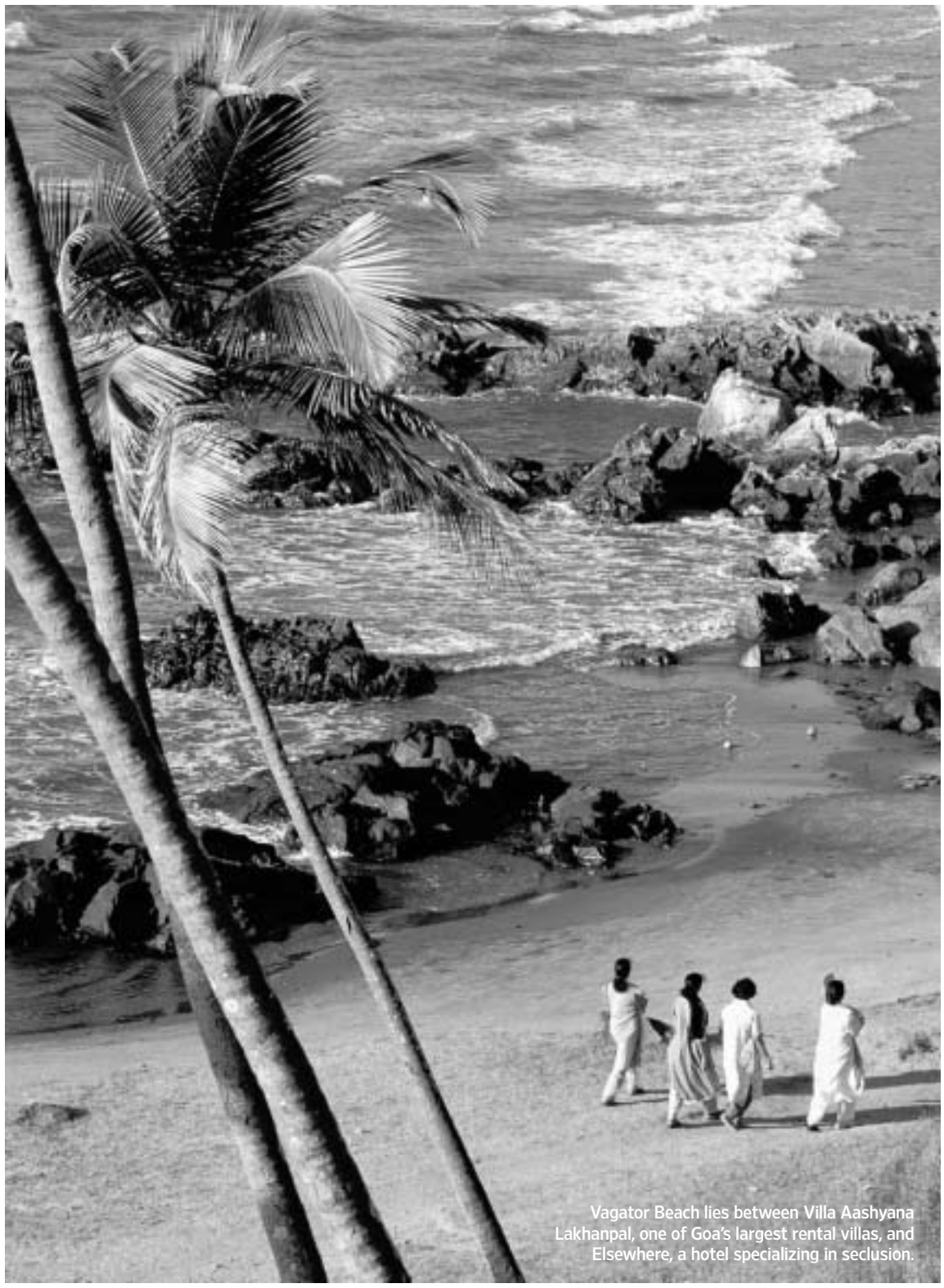
As the sun sets and the pashminas come out along with the cacophonous crickets, the lower deck comes into its own. From behind the curved gray and white bar, resplendent with jars of birds of paradise flowers, the resident barman keeps us refreshed with the house specialty, that fresh lime soda kicked up with vodka. Meanwhile, chefs Raju and Brandon crank up the outdoor grill.

Feeding time at a flower for one of Goa's nectar-eating birds

The delicacies include tandoori paneer (Indian cheese), grilled snapper and huge salads. A continental breakfast is included in the room rate; lunch and dinner cost extra.

Further dining options are a car ride away. A 20-minute cab drive from the hotel, at beachside restaurant La Plage, celebrity sightings aren't uncommon. (At a table near us sat Mick Jagger's daughter Jade, who owns a house down the road). Perched on simple white wooden tables nestling in the sand, we sip Piña Coladas while devouring lobster salad and a zingy tuna ceviche, followed by goat cheese dripping with honey that is for the gods.

Back at the hotel, 20 or so polite staff are on hand to cater to every whim—be it a fresh towel, a club sandwich, or just help finding the backgammon set for the afternoon's entertainment. For more venturesome travelers, they can arrange a speedboat trip to the sea for a spot of barramundi fishing or dolphin watching, or a sunset tour around the nearby backwaters. Guided riverside walks are also offered. Although there is no gym, private yoga lessons are available, as are four types of massage.



Vagator Beach lies between Villa Aashyana Lakhanpal, one of Goa's largest rental villas, and Elsewhere, a hotel specializing in seclusion.

Playing a quiet game of backgammon in a luxurious villa as you get your shoulders expertly massaged is the antithesis of the stereotypical Goa experience. It was long the haven of students and hippies who came in droves to the coast to take advantage of the relaxed attitudes—a hangover from its time as a Portuguese colony—and some areas have had an influx of tourists on inexpensive package holidays.

But Goa has brushed up its image; it's aiming to reinvent itself as a luxurious destination. "Over the past few three or four years a lot of high-end accommodation has come up, and this has given a lot of boost to luxury tourism in Goa," says Joao Xavier Miranda of Goan travel company Cicerone Air Transport Services. "The image has now

Image Source (sunset); Getty (Vagator, church); Panchavatti (bird); Vivenda dos Palhaços (hallway)

The Portuguese held onto Goa until 1961, and the simple white churches in Old Goa serve as a reminder of their 450-year rule.

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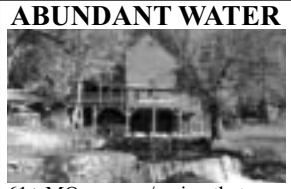

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A Goa specialty: the seaside sunset

A hallway at the Vivenda dos Palhaços, a boutique hotel set in a villa.

improved tremendously and we are still trying our best to do so even more."

Raj Sunani, assistant director of the government-owned India Tourist Office in London, adds that measures have been taken to improve safety. "In the last year the Goa government has tightened the law and order in the state, and police have been deployed all over Goa for the safety of the tourists."

Simon Hayward is one man who has put luxury on the map here with his boutique hotel Vivenda dos Palhaços, in a villa near the stunning Majorda beach. He's half-British, half-New Zealander, from the family that owned the Haywards brewery and distillery in India, made famous for its gin during World War II. Although he was sent away to boarding school in England, Mr. Hayward often returned to spend the holidays in the hill station of Ooty, where his grandfather was a master of foxhounds.

In 2003, after quitting the rat race in Mumbai, where he was creative director for an advertising agency, Mr. Hayward bought the hotel. He runs it with his sister Charlotte.

Remnants of his colonial past are very much on display in the villa. There's an old jackal paw on the wall, booty from his grandfather's hunt, and planter's chairs flank the swimming pool. Vivenda dos Palhaços is so discreet that there is no sign on the road; the villa is located at the end of a dusty lane, with a vintage white Ambassador car parked outside—the villa's "limo."

Although the Park Hyatt—one of Goa's glitziest hotels—is a mere 10 minutes away, we prefer the villa's intimate style, charm and eccentric touches, such as the Indian matrimonial ads covering the walls in one of the bathrooms.

"We have tried to make it feel like a private home here. Some parts of Goa have a reputation as 'Ghastly Goa,' but if you can get a bit off the beaten track, it is really quite special," Mr. Hayward says.

Each of the seven modern rooms is named after a location in India. Ours—Alipore, after the Kolkata suburb—features a sleek slate-gray bathroom, a huge, comfortable bed, ancestral pictures on the wall and giant ceiling fans to keep us cool. Dinners, if you wish, are communal, and if gastronomy is your thing, the cook will be more than happy to give you a lesson in Goan cooking.

We devour a juicy flank steak with pepper sauce—a welcome treat after traveling around the rest of India, where the largely Hindu population doesn't eat beef (Goa is mostly Catholic). The evening is spent relaxing by the villa's colorful lorry back bar, sipping on powerful Haywards 5000 ale—now an SAB Miller product.

The following day, Mr. Hayward asks us if we want to try horse riding, go-karting or scuba diving nearby, but instead we take a five-minute bicycle ride to Utorda beach. Here we find one of the best restaurants (well, shacks) in Goa, Zeebop by the Sea. It is famed for its fresh seafood, and we order wriggling mini-lobster, a clear-eyed pomfret and a giant crab, which comes smothered in a buttery garlic sauce. Washed down with Kingfisher beer, the meal comes to a paltry 600 Indian rupees a head (about $13).

Next, we make a short drive up the coast to Candolim to see a different side of Goa. Set amid perfectly manicured lawns, sweet smelling bougainvillea and swaying coconut groves, Villa Aashyana Lakhanpal is one of the largest rental villas in Goa, sleeping 10 (or 22 if you include its smaller three adjoining cottages, which have access to the pool but not the gardens). There is a 25-meter infinity pool and private access to the beach outside, although it can get rather crowded and the sea isn't as pristine as in the far north or south of Goa.

While at Aashyana, we feast on local dishes such as delicately spiced pork vindaloo and coconut-infused Goan prawn curry, before hitting the town. One of Goa's best-known restaurants is Bomra's, a five-minute cab ride away. Here Bawmra Jap cooks up mouthwatering pan-Asian fusion delicacies from his native Burma, such as squid with spicy papaya salad and roasted black pomfret with black-bean paste.

If total seclusion is your desire, then Elsewhere, on the north coast, is unparalleled. The project of Mumbai-based fashion photographer Denzil Sequeira, whose great-grandfather bought the land in 1886, is so secret that the hotel won't give out its address until you have made a reservation. Access is via a 21-meter wooden footbridge across a creek.

A favorite destination of the Indian fashion pack, it is divided into exquisitely decked-out individual beach houses or tents, each with antique chairs on the veranda, rustic bathroom fittings rough-hewn out of local wood, and four-poster beds, with white muslin nets to keep the mosquitoes away.

When the tide comes in, the creek on either side of the property becomes impassable to others, giving you your own private beach. Breakfast is included, and other meals are taken at a simple shack, where the day's catch, such as mackerel and giant prawns, is grilled. For nature lovers, Mr. Sequeira will impart his knowledge on early-morning jungle treks through cardamom- and cinnamon-scented woods.

"This is a property with an identity," says Mr. Sequeira. "People just want to park themselves here, sometimes for a whole month, and cut themselves off completely from the outside world."

Jemima Sissons is a writer based in London.

TRIP PLANNER

Where to stay

Except where a weekly rental is specified, the prices quoted are for one night in a double room (two people) during high season (roughly Jan. 6 to May 31). Prices can be double those listed during peak season (Christmas and New Year), but considerably lower during monsoon season (June 1 to Sept. 30).

Casa Colvale: Rooms start at $128, including breakfast. If you want to rent the whole house you can do so by paying for every room.
☎ 91-99606-05416 or ☎ 91-83224-16737
Web: www.casacolvale.com

Vivenda dos Palhaços: Rooms from $111, including breakfast. The entire house can be rented from $7,119 a week.
☎ 91-98817-20221
Web: www.vivendagoa.com

Villa Aashyana Lakhanpal: $8,437 a week including breakfast (sleeps 10). Shorter rentals available. There are also smaller cottages that can be rented on the property.
☎ 91-83222-74050
Web: www.aashyanalakhanpal.com or www.luxurygoavillas.com

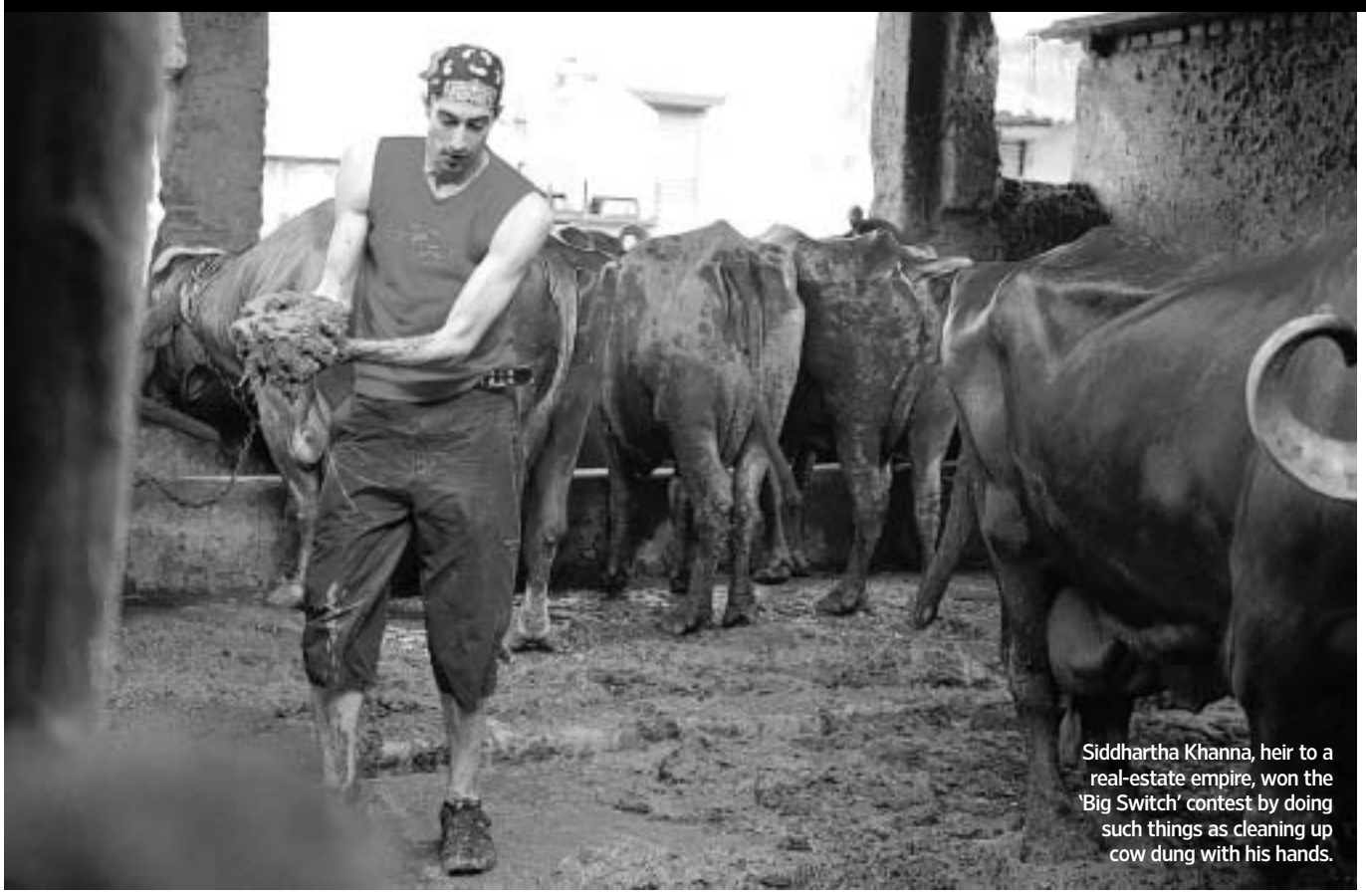
Elsewhere: Minimum rental one week, but some flexibility depending on demand. There are four beach houses, sleeping two to six people; they start at $1,250. Otter Creek tents from $687 a week.
☎ 91-93260-20701 (for last-minute bookings only; otherwise email gaze@aseascape.com)
Web: www.aseascape.com

Where to eat

Bomra's, a pan-Asian fusion restaurant in Candolim, is run by Burmese chef Bawmra Jap.
☎ 91-98221-06236
Web: www.bomras.com

La Plage, on Asvem beach, serves French- inspired food and barbecue specialities.
☎ 91-98221-21712

Zeebop by the Sea, a simple open-air restaurant on Utorda beach, serves the freshest seafood.
☎ 91-83227-55333
Web: www.zeebopbythesea.com



Siddhartha Khanna, heir to a real-estate empire, won the 'Big Switch' contest by doing such things as cleaning up cow dung with his hands.

Actress and model Pooja Mishra does some chores in a Mumbai slum.

UTV Bindaas

Reality bites

TV shows in India gulf the chasm between rich and poor

By Amrit Dhillon

It isn't easy being rich when you're plucked from your cushy environment and plopped into a Mumbai slum. That's just part of the premise of the popular Indian reality show "Big Switch."

"The stench was overwhelming," says Natasha Suri, a 25-year-old model and former Miss India. "There were goats and pigs, droppings, piles of stinking rubbish, mosquitoes, flies, unbearable heat, and 20 of us using the same toilet."

On the show, Ms. Suri is paired with Rekha Gaekwad, 18, who grew up in a slum in Mumbai. "These conditions are normal for us," says Ms. Gaekwad, "but [the rich participants] were agitated about every small thing. They couldn't bear to be out in the sun without their sunglasses."

Ms. Suri and Ms. Gaekwad make up one of 10 such rich-and-poor pairs of 20-something adults for "Big Switch," a show produced by UTV Bindaas. All were made to live for two weeks in a north Mumbai slum, albeit in a dormitory built for the show, while cameras rolled. It is one of several new popular TV shows that capture the gulf between the rich and poor in India.

"When you bring people from two clashing worlds together, it makes for great television," says UTV Bindaas chief executive, Zarina Mehta. The show marks a new direction for Indian TV, which in the past has steered clear of plots that focus on the poor in India. "Even if you have a driver as a main character, he always turns out later to be a prince," says media critic Parsa Venkateshwar Rao, who writes for the newspaper DNA.

Not anymore. Today, writers and directors are embracing the world of the poor in books, film and television. And the stories they're telling are popular and critical successes. Aravind Adiga's best-selling portrayal of the rich-poor divide, "The White Tiger," won the Man Booker International prize for fiction last year. Oscar-winning film "Slumdog Millionaire" shocked many for its depiction of a wretched Mumbai slum, yet it has pulled in $377 million at the box office world-wide, according to the ticket-sales tracking Web site Boxofficemojo.com.

Sunny Sara, a Mumbai nightclub owner, sells fruit in the show 'Big Switch.'

Now comes "Big Switch," which began airing last October and ended last week. Nearly 26 million viewers tuned in every week. It's not the only reality show with a big audience: Every day, more than 42 million watched "Bigg Boss," the Indian version of "Big Brother," which aired from October 2009 to January 2010.

Like the Western original, "Bigg Boss" throws a motley bunch of people into a house, cuts off contact with the outside world, and captures every day on film. But while the popularity of the Western reality TV shows tends to hinge on plot twists like hook-ups and infighting, in India, the draw is the sight of the rich cleaning up after themselves.

"Reality shows work [in India] because maids, drivers and cooks love seeing the rich do their [house] work," says Rajesh Kamat, CEO of Viacom18, which produces "Bigg Boss." "In 'Bigg Boss,' [the rich] have to cook, wash up, do their beds, iron and clean the toilet. [The maids] enjoying seeing celebrities brought down to their own level."

Ranjeeta Khajur, a maid in New Delhi, is transfixed at the sight of "Bigg Boss" inmates doing what her employer orders her to do every day. "I think 'Bigg Boss' is an education for the rich. It will make them realize how hard we work and treat people like me with more consideration," she says.

The swap is the crux of the "Big Switch," too. The object is to win a prize of a million rupees (about $21,600). But the onus is on the rich contestants to earn the money for their slum partner by performing menial chores for points, while the poor contestants stand idly by. TV producers originally called the slum dwellers "slum buddies" until they realized that the poor participants all had big aspirations—of careers as a chef, beautician or psychologist or of buying a home—and they settled on "dreamers" instead.

Ms. Mehta, the TV executive, recalls a scene she will never forget involving Siddhartha Khanna, 25, heir to a real-estate empire who admits he leaves his clothes where he drops them and has never cleared up a cup of tea. One of Mr. Khanna's tasks was to clean up cow dung with his bare hands, a chore he tackled without complaint. The points he earned—which translated into 200,000 rupees ($4,350)—would go toward helping his slum partner, Samir Pagare, set up an event-management company.

"I did it because I wanted to help Samir, to give him hope. I want this program to build bridges, to make young Indians realize they can do a lot to help the poor realize their dreams," says Mr. Khanna, who went on to win the contest for his partner.

In India, the rich and poor rarely cross paths. More than 80% of people live on 20 rupees a day (43 U.S. cents) or less. Of the country's 1.17 billion population, less than 1% earns more than 85,000 rupees ($1,850) a month. On "Big Switch," many of the rich participants earn more than that. And some of the highest earners among the slum dwellers pulled in about 5,000 to 7,000 rupees ($109 to $152 a month).

Slum dweller Abhishek Kushwah, 24, wants to be a chef. He grew up in Mumbai's Dharavi, India's largest slum, in one room with his parents and two brothers. They share a single toilet with 60 families. Says Mr. Kushwah. "I'd thought the super rich were lazy and selfish but my partner put in a lot of effort to help me."

On the first day of shooting last October on the "Big Switch" set, the two sides viewed one another warily. Their first impressions were revealing. Most of the slum dwellers were overwhelmed at simply being addressed politely.

"I never dreamed that the rich could be so nice," says Ms. Gaekwad.

The second reaction was shock. "Dreamer" Neelam Dumbre, 18, gasped when she heard her rich partner, Bindi Mehta, a researcher with a television news channel, talk about her closets full of outfits that cost 40,000 rupees (about $870) each. Another slum dweller was speechless when her rich counterpart showed her the 110 pairs of shoes she'd brought for the duration of the show. And then there was Sunny Sara, a 28-year-old nightclub owner in Mumbai, who unpacked 60 T-shirts. "I had no idea the rich were so rich," says Ms. Dumbre.

"Slumdog Millionaire" inspired the creators of "Big Switch," but given the controversy that erupted in India over its graphic depiction of poverty, UTV Bindaas channel head Heather Gupta, a British national who moved to Mumbai six years ago, was determined to avoid any hint of "condescension or using the poor participants as circus freaks."

"We're not blaming the rich for anything, but we want to jolt them into paying some attention to poverty," says Ms. Gupta. It is very easy in India, she adds, to become inured to the plight of the poor.

Model and budding actor Adam Bedi, 26, says he was filled with admiration for the resilience, drive and resourcefulness of the slum dwellers. "They just get on with their lives without moaning about everything they haven't got," he says. "They really impressed me."

Ms. Suri, the former beauty queen, described the experience as humbling. "These conditions are a daily reality for millions and yet, in their struggle to survive, they manage to be cheerful and dignified."

The chasm between the two sides reopened on the last day of shooting in early December. The rich kids were impatient to get home, desperate for a hot bath and good food. The poor dragged their feet; the dormitory, bare as it was, was more spacious than any of the slums they had lived in. As everyone packed, declarations of undying friendship were made amid hugs, displays of genuine affection and exchanging of numbers.

Two weeks later, back in their respective milieus, many of the participants say they talk to one another on the phone occasionally. But once the common link of being on the show has gone, what connection will remain, and for how long?

Ms. Gaekwad has no illusions. "On the show the rich were great. But if I walk out on the road now and try to speak to a rich person, they won't respond," she says.

Amrit Dhillon is a writer based in India.

New Orleans Feels the Brees

By Allen Barra

"Every pro-football game is played under pressure," former Dallas Cowboy Troy Aikman, owner of three championship rings, once said, "but in the Super Bowl you feel like you're wearing ankle weights."

If so, New Orleans Saints quarterback Drew Brees must feel as if he's pulling a streetcar named Desire. It's easy to exaggerate the importance of a football game to a city still suffering from the devastation of Hurricane Katrina in 2005, but don't try to tell people in and around the Crescent City that Feb. 7's Super Bowl against the Indianapolis Colts is just another game. Months ago, at least two Mardi Gras events were rescheduled because—sure as red beans on Monday—with the Saints in the Super Bowl, Super Sunday afternoon would see the streets of New Orleans as empty as Bourbon Street on Ash Wednesday.

> An inspiration to his team and his city.

The man carrying the burden of dreams is Mr. Brees, who is more than a football hero to Louisiana. He is the unofficial leader of "Who Dat Nation," carrying the fleur-de-lis banner not just for the city but for millions of displaced natives now scattered all over the country who see the Saints as "America's *real* team."

It's a burden that Mr. Brees and his wife, Brittany, have embraced since he left the San Diego Chargers and signed with the Saints as a free agent in 2006. Their first commitment to the city was to purchase and renovate a house in an uptown neighborhood instead of opting for the suburbs. "I think I can draw so many parallels between our team and our city," he recently told reporters. "In reality we've had to lean on each other in order to survive and get to where we are now." The Brees Dream Foundation has raised nearly $2 million for Katrina-related projects, most notably contributing to the restoration of the Lusher Charter School, which was turned into a shelter in the hurricane's aftermath. The school's scoreboard now reads "Brees Family Field."

Mr. Brees is so much more to Saints fans than a football player that it's easy to forget he might not be any of these things if he weren't so good. He's the greatest quarterback in the 43-year history of the New Orleans Saints, but unfortunately that's not as impressive as it sounds. Mr. Brees's friend and mentor, Archie Manning, the father of his friend and soon-to-be Super Bowl rival Peyton, and probably the Saints' best previous passer, was sacked a jaw-dropping 340 times over 11 seasons, spending more time running for his life than Richard Kimble in reruns of "The Fugitive." Whatever career-franchise passing records Mr. Brees doesn't own, he soon will; at 31, the only question is where he will rank among the all-time NFL greats. If the last four seasons are any indication, he'll soon be challenging for the top spot.

Associated Press

Saints quarterback Drew Brees

Since coming to New Orleans he has been the most prolific passer in the league, running neck-and-neck with Peyton Manning in every significant category. Over the past four seasons, Mr. Brees has passed for 18,298 yards to Mr. Manning's 16,939; both have thrown exactly 122 touchdown passes. Mr. Brees has thrown six more interceptions (57 to 51), but has a slight edge in the most important passing statistic, yards per pass (7.8 to 7.7). No one wants to minimize Mr. Manning's achievement, but in private many NFL observers believe that the real MVP for 2009 was the Saints' quarterback. Mr. Manning—who made a congratulatory call after watching Mr. Brees's Purdue team beat Ohio State in 2000—might agree.

This year over the regular season Mr. Brees topped Mr. Manning in yards per pass attempt (8.5 to 7.9), TDs-to-interception ratio (34-11 vs. 33-16), and NFL passer rating (109.6, best in the NFL, to 99.9). So far in the postseason, Mr. Brees has thrown six touchdowns with no interceptions to Mr. Manning's five and one. Back in 2006, NFL fans eagerly anticipated a Super Bowl featuring the game's two greatest passers, but New Orleans failed to keep its end of the bargain, losing to the Chicago Bears in the NFC championship game.

The problem for Mr. Brees and the Saints on Super Bowl Sunday, though, is that while both teams have outstanding passing attacks, Indianapolis has a significantly better pass defense. Over the regular season, the Colts were eighth in the league in points allowed while the Saints were 20th. This puts added pressure on Mr. Brees to not just lead but *be* the offense; simply put, if New Orleans is to win its first Super Bowl, Drew Brees must outduel Peyton Manning. To Mr. Brees, though, this is not really a burden. "There's an enormous difference," he says, "between a burden and an inspiration. What our fans want from our team doesn't distract me. It inspires me."

Mr. Barra writes about sports for the Journal.

Bookshelf / *By Philip Delves Broughton*

More Than a Paycheck

Daniel Pink is one of the more energetic members of the growing tribe of business writers-speakers-bloggers who, like the ubiquitous Malcolm Gladwell, plunder the work of economists, scientists and psychologists to attack well-established business assumptions. Mr. Pink is known for public presentations in which he delivers a consistently upbeat message: that the miserable age of 20th-century management is over, that the tyranny of organizational charts and spreadsheets is behind us, and that we are now entering more sun-splashed climes, where creativity flourishes and businesses treat employees as human beings, not machine parts.

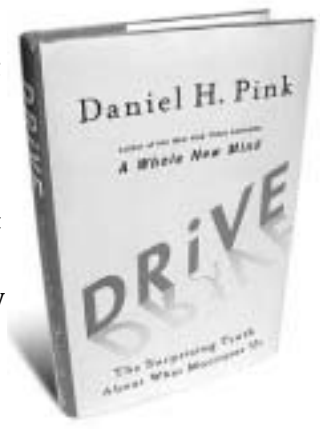
Drive
By Daniel H. Pink
(Riverhead, 242 pages, $26.95)

It is a message we would all love to believe. With "Drive: The Surprising Truth About What Motivates Us," Mr. Pink tries to jolly us all along toward accepting it. He sets up the following history. First came Motivation 1.0, during which we were stirred by nothing but our urges—grunting, hunting and procreating in caves. Next came Motivation 2.0, during which we made calculations based on reward or punishment. Economic development depended on manipulating our desires and fears to extract performance. Carrots and sticks were the tools of this motivational operating system.

And now we are reaching Motivation 3.0, a higher plane where people write Wikipedia entries for the fun of it, go on "vocation vacations" to try out professions different from their own, and spend a lot of time thinking about the purpose of their work. Science, Mr. Pink says, has shown that we are motivated as much intrinsically, by the sheer joy and purpose of certain activities, as extrinsically, by rewards like pay raises and promotions.

The science that Mr. Pink is referring to rests largely on the work of Edward Deci and Richard Ryan at the University of Rochester and Mihaly Csikszentmihalyi at Claremont Graduate University. These three researchers have found that we do our best work when motivated from within, when we have control over our time and decisions and when we feel a deep sense of purpose. Under such conditions, we can achieve real mastery over whatever it is that we do.

The modern workplace, Mr. Pink laments, is too often set up to deny us this opportunity. Firms that hope to optimize efficiency by making their employees clock in and out, attend compulsory meetings, and receive pay for performance are de-motivating through excessive control. What they should be doing, he argues, is giving workers the chance to do their best work by granting them more autonomy and helping them to achieve the mastery that may come with it.



Mr. Pink cites an Australian software firm, Atlassian, that allows its programmers 20% of their time to work on any software problem they like, provided it is not part of their regular job. The programmers turn out to be much more efficient with that 20% of their time than they are with their regular work hours. Atlassian credits the 20% with many of its innovations and its high staff retention. Companies as large as Google and 3M have similar programs that have produced everything from Google News to the Post-It note.

Relatedly, Best Buy has implemented a "results oriented work environment" at its corporate headquarters in Richfield, Minn., to improve morale and lower turnover. This means that salaried employees put in as much time as it takes to do their jobs, on their own schedule. If they need to duck out to take a child to the doctor, they don't have to ask. It is assumed that they will do their work in their own time. The hope is that, in such an environment, workers will feel more inclined to contribute to the company's well-being than they would if they were simply grinding out hours for a paycheck.

And then there are "low-profit limited liability corporations," for-profit businesses whose main goal is offering social benefits—for instance, buying old furniture factories, making them environmentally friendly, and then leasing them back cheaply to hard-up furniture makers.

From these and other scattered data points, Mr. Pink rustles up his trend. Is it plausible? It is easy to find fault with some of his claims. Mr. Pink cites research showing that artists do better work for themselves than on commission. So much for the Sistine Chapel. He writes in favor of companies that allow employees more say in their firms' charitable giving. But why don't these firms drop the paternalism altogether and simply give the money to their employees as pay, trusting them to do their best with it? And one has to wonder whether Mr. Pink's flexible, meaningful-work model is widely applicable or something that only selected companies will be able to adopt.

What is more, the truths that Mr. Pink cites are not nearly as "surprising" as he claims. They are to be found in centuries of philosophy, in the Pre-Socratics, in Plato, in "Walden." Yes, indeed: Beyond serving our basic needs, money doesn't buy happiness. We need a greater purpose in our lives. Our most precious resource is time. We respond badly to conditions of servitude, whether the lash of the galley master or the more subtle enslavement of monthly paychecks, quarterly performance targets and the fear of losing health insurance. Work that allows us to feel in control of our lives is better than work that does not. Nonetheless, these lessons are worth repeating, and if more companies feel emboldened to follow Mr. Pink's advice, then so much the better.

Mr. Delves Broughton is the author of "Ahead of the Curve: Two Years at Harvard Business School" (Penguin).

We're all Gaga

Lady Gaga is changing the way musicians make it big

By John Jurgensen

Last Sunday, at the Grammys, Lady Gaga won two awards—best dance album for "The Fame" and best dance recording for "Poker Face," which she performed to kick off the show. But that's less important than her broader impact on music culture in the space of a year, which has been seismic.

Her debut album generated four No. 1 songs. She topped the digital sales chart for 2009 with 15.3 million tracks sold. Her dance hits, including "Paparazzi," recalibrated the sound of U.S. pop radio with a spacey Euro vibe that's crept into songs by rock and rap artists. She grabbed attention beyond the music world with outfits that make her look like a refugee from a sci-fi film. In concert, on video and at past awards shows she has sported full facial masks, worn planetary rings around her head, and framed her face in what looked like a bird's nest.

"She's very vaudevillian," says an admiring Alice Cooper, the rocker whose history of stage theatrics includes simulated decapitations. But he says Gaga's antics only work because "she can really sing."

Gaga may turn out to be yet another fleeting pop novelty, but many other industry veterans see her as the real deal, and her ambitions and skill at navigating the turbulent industry may make her a durable star. Born Stefani Germanotta, she graduated from Manhattan's Convent of the Sacred Heart school, then left a music program at New York University to chase a music career. She was signed and dropped from one label, Def Jam, before uniting with a core team of advisers. She then stormed the media in a year when Michael Jackson's death reminded us how few new music stars transcend narrow genres anymore.

Underneath Gaga's haystack wigs is a case study of what it takes to succeed in the music business today. Gaga, 23 years old, has made shrewd use of new digital platforms, while still leveraging the clout of a major label, an institution deemed obsolete by many proponents of DIY culture. She is a product of a new kind of recording contract that goes beyond just selling records to encompass everything from touring, merchandise—even her make-up deal. Though she writes her own material, she is as focused on visual theatrics, fashion and global appeal as she is on the music.

Here are three things Gaga can tell us about how the music industry works now.

She's a digital phenomenon

Lady Gaga's towering digital sales, almost all of them iTunes downloads, only tell part of the story. In fact, much of Gaga's audience got her music for free, and legally. They have listened to free streams—by the hundreds of millions—on YouTube and the other online services that Gaga currently leads, according to research firm BigChampagne. On MySpace, Gaga has had 321.5 million plays. By contrast, singer Susan Boyle tallied only 133,000 plays, despite scoring the No. 2 selling album of 2009. A difference (among many) between Gaga and the less loudly dressed Scotswoman discovered on a British talent show: Ms. Boyle's material, including "Amazing Grace," was traditional—and so were most of her buyers. Some 97% of her albums were sold on compact disc.

"That tells you how pronounced the generational divide is," says BigChampagne founder Eric Garland. Gaga isn't giving away the free streams for nothing—musicians typically earn fractions of a penny each time a song is streamed on Yahoo, for instance. While most artists stand to profit more from high-margin CD sales, being embedded across the Web can pay dividends in exposure and the loyalty of fans.

She's got a 360-degree view

The upheaval of the last decade has forced the major record companies to cut their workforce by 60%, according to a recent report by the Recording Industry Association of America. Without the budget and staff to support their once-overloaded artist stables, labels have slashed their rosters and doubled down on acts expected to drive hits. They're also going after the money artists thatgenerate outside the labels' traditional business of selling music.

This has given rise to, in industry parlance, the 360 deal, in which a label invests more money up front (for marketing, for example) in exchange for a piece of merchandise sales, touring revenue and other earnings that artists had long kept for themselves.

The 360 model hasn't launched big stars yet—with a few exceptions, including Gaga. From concerts, including four sold-out nights at Radio City Music Hall last month, a percentage of her take goes to her label, Universal's Interscope Records. The label also gets a cut of her revenue from Polaroid, Estee Lauder's MAC and other corporate partners.

Does Gaga validate the 360 model for other artists? While she pockets relatively less money on tour, Interscope puts more muscle behind her than it would have in the old days. "Would she be in the position to play in front of 20,000 people a night if the record company had not put up the marketing dollars?" asks Gaga's manager Troy Carter.

She could be the next Madonna

On the song "Bad Romance," Gaga chants "I want your ugly, I want your disease." She lovingly refers to her fans as "monsters." On stage, she bleeds from simulated stab wounds. Despite these dark theatrics, she's become a darling of mainstream radio by drawing from Madonna's playbook, with thumping dance beats, a shape-shifting image and a playful obsession with celebrity.

Gaga's allure is that of a misfit run amok in the system, a role that has helped her cut across disparate subcultures, including teens, finicky hipsters and gays, to whom she sends frequent shout-outs. While Gaga's bared skin and professed androgyny have raised the eyebrows of interviewers like Oprah Winfrey, she isn't shocking, per se.

She's also determined not to be niche. Last year, the Recording Academy's nominating committees received a record 17,000 Grammy submissions. Many of those hopefuls hailed from what could be called music's growing middle class—made up of acts that carve out niche audiences within subgenres such as indie rock. While some acts try to get there with experimental strategies, such as giving music away free, Gaga used an old technique: cementing her image in music videos such as "Paparazzi," in which she hobbles on crutches.

RedOne, Gaga's primary producer, hails from Morocco and has an outsider's take on American music. "The songs have to be lyrically simple and easy to sing along to, even for people in the world who don't speak English," he says. Studio pros like Grammy-winning mixing engineer Manny Marroquin are being hired to replicate her chopping synths and densely layered sound. "Everybody's saying, 'Make it like Gaga,'" he says.

Such a now-trendy sound won't last forever. Gaga's longevity will hinge on evolving before its expiration date. Alice Cooper suggests softening things up: "I'd love to hear her sing a Karen Carpenter song." In fact, before she was Lady Gaga, Ms. Germanotta was a piano-playing singer-songwriter who haunted open mics in New York. Rather than attempt to outdo her own outlandish antics, Gaga may dial back toward that former persona. Next month, for instance, she'll begin pushing the single "Speechless," a stormy piano ballad in the mode of Elton John.

Says Tom Corson, executive vice president and general manager of RCA Music Group, a rival to Gaga's label: "It's not just about great songs. In the best-case scenario, it's a full multimedia package."

Getty Images

Lady Gaga, here performing in New York in December, keeps a shrewd business brain beneath that haystacks wig.

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